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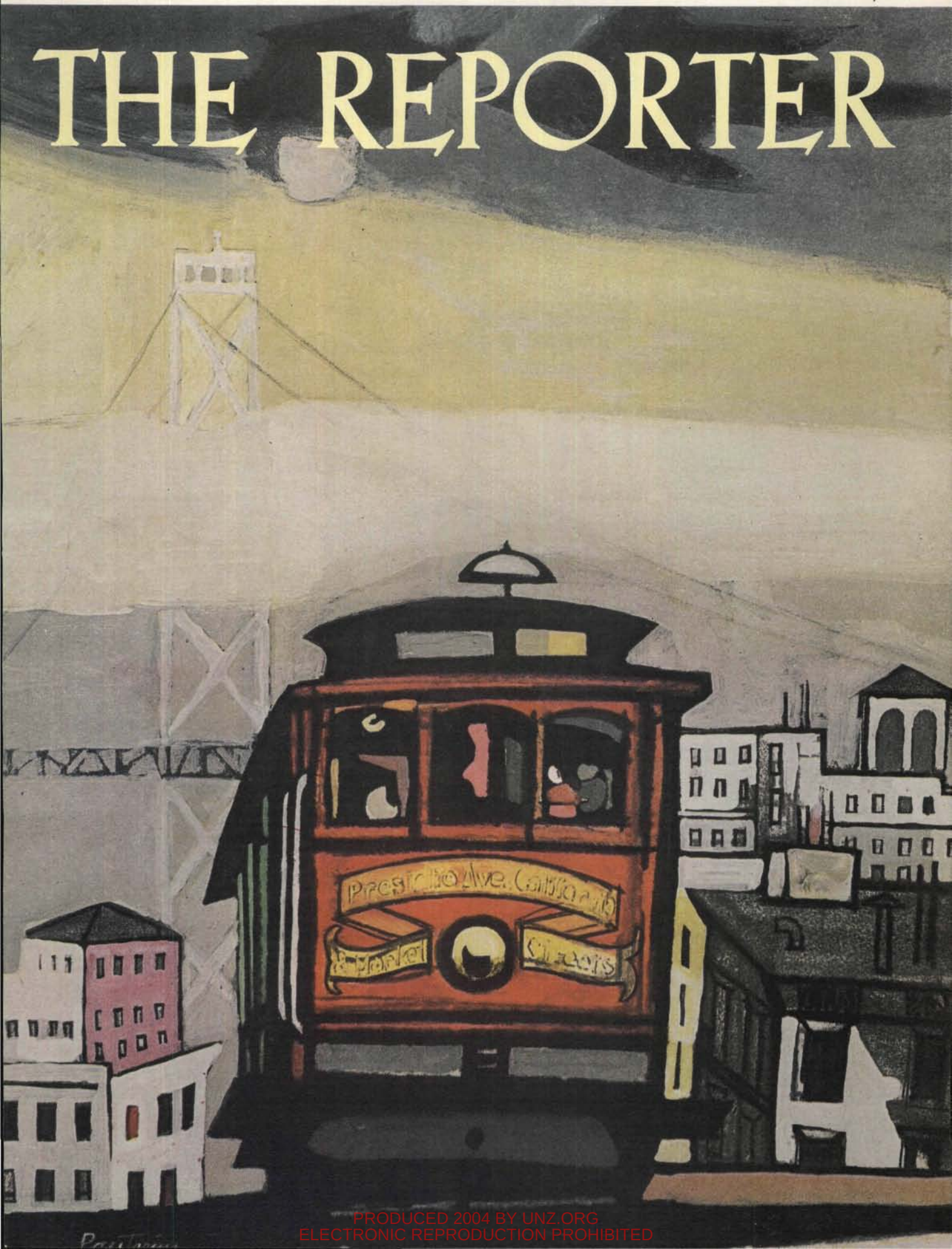
THE REPORTER



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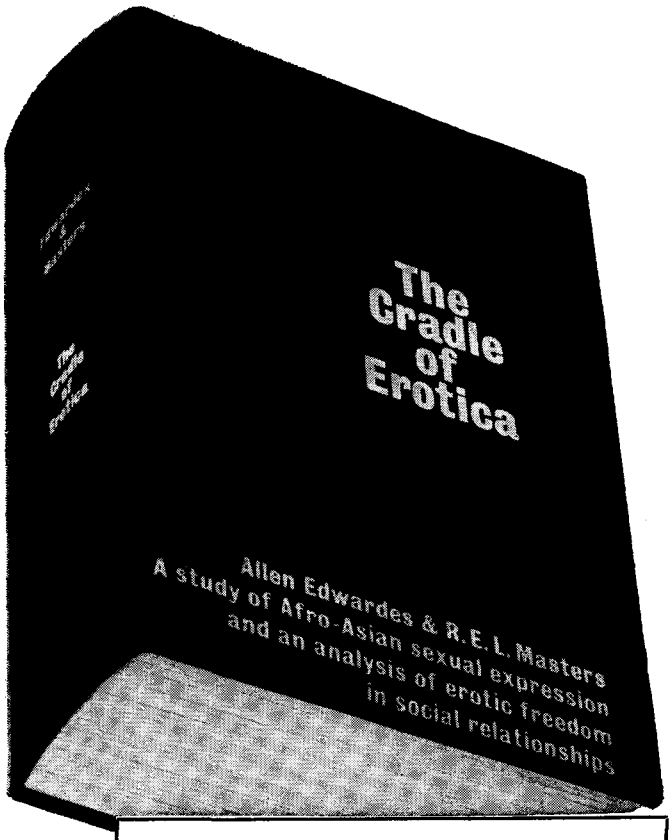
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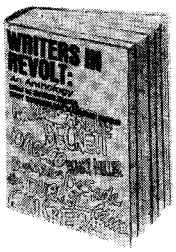

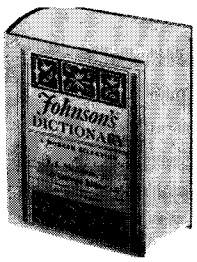

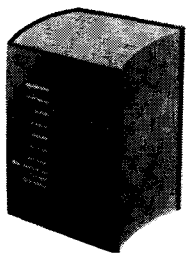

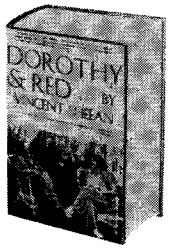

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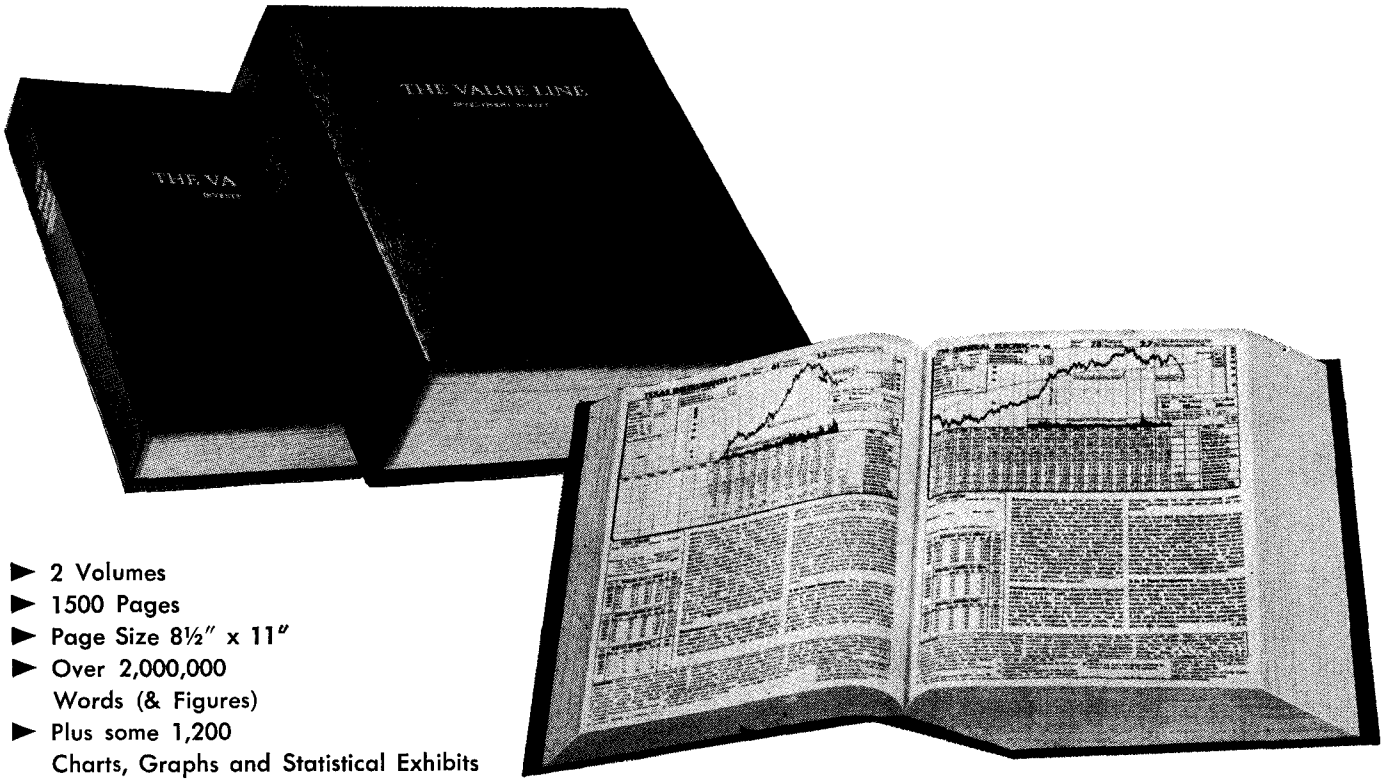

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Fifteen years ago, *The Reporter* started without any prepublication campaign; today it has a growing circulation of 185,000. In his editorial **Max Ascoli** defines the philosophy that governed *The Reporter's* judgment of events. This editorial also constitutes a summary of the first chapter of a book, *The Education of a Liberal,* to be published early in 1965 by Atheneum.

George Bailey went to Czechoslovakia for us and, assisted by his knowledge of Slavic languages and his love for Slavic cultures, talked to many people and saw a lot. He found a different country from the Czechoslovakia he had known, a country now alienated from its past, living the incongruous life of a Kafka novel.

California politics, like much else about the area, often suggests a huge Disneyland-by-the-Sea. This year's vintage is no exception. The Democrats, of course, face a more or less agonizing choice in the U. S. Senate primary. But, as **Bill Stout** explains, the real significance of the June 2 primary is the struggle for party leadership being waged behind the scenes by Governor "Pat" Brown and Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh. Mr. Stout is a commentator for KTLA-TV in Los Angeles. . . . California's Republicans have their own set of difficulties, according to **Jim Wood,** a reporter with the *Independent* in Richmond and a former associate member of the Republican state central committee. It seems that the John Birchers are on the verge of insinuating themselves into the control of the party itself. . . . Kenya's dreaded Mau Mau have begun returning to the forests to take the mysterious vows of murder and plunder: as they see it, the promises of *uhuru* have not been fulfilled. **Claire Sterling** describes some of the problems Jomo Kenyatta faces now that he has succeeded in acquiring independence for Kenya. . . . The rise of swift-moving Charles Harting Percy to the Republican nomination for governor of Illinois is chronicled by a writer who runs a mean race himself. **Hal Higdon** left his free-lance work in Chicago long enough to finish fifth in the Boston marathon on April 20. His first book, *The Union vs. Dr. Mudd,* was published a week later by the Follett Publishing Company. . . . Even poverty is on the move these days. **Barbara Carter,** a member of our staff, examines a new class of nomads traveling the nation's highways in search of another way of life and a meal.

Richard Murphy lives in the West of Ireland, where he was born in 1927. Last year his collection of poems, *Sailing to an Island,* was published in America by the Chilmark Press. . . . **George Steiner** teaches at Churchill College, Cambridge, England. He is the author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* (Knopf; also Vintage paperback) and *The Death of Tragedy* (Knopf; also Dramabooks paperback). . . . Our Chilean artist, **Fernando Krahn,** seems to have had a premonition of the difficulties attending the opening of the New York World's Fair. . . . **Sidney Alexander,** the author of *Michelangelo the Florentine* (Random House), who has been living in Italy for some years, is now teaching at Syracuse University. . . . **Robert P. Knapp, Jr.,** a New York attorney, is a frequent reviewer for us. . . . **Nat Hentoff's** next book, which Viking will publish in July, is *The New Equality,* an analysis of race relations in America.

Our cover, of a San Francisco streetcar, is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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MATTERS SENATORIAL . . .

To the Editor: I expected you to take issue with the content of Senator Fulbright's recent speech ("Public Diplomacy," in "The Reporter's Notes," April 9), but I was unprepared for the implication that such speeches are somehow out of place in our political system ("It's a disturbing business, this wide-open bull session . . .").

Nothing in your analysis suggests recognition of the role public opinion plays in the formation of foreign policy and of the function which speeches like Fulbright's perform in keeping the attentive public up to date on the options before it. The assumption that timely policies can be "more vigorously pursued if less talked about" may apply to peripheral issues in the short run but if generally adopted would subject our foreign policy to the periodic wide swings of uninformed public opinion that used to plague it.

ELDON KENWORTHY
New Haven

To the Editor: What I like best about *The Reporter*—even when it infuriates me—is that you call 'em as you see 'em, even when you think an old friend like Senator Fulbright is off base. One thing more you might have said: if the junior senator from Arkansas really wants to get us all thinking some "unthinkable thoughts," he might let us hear what I am sure is really in his heart on the Negro question—instead of supporting the racists by what he does say and, even more, by what he doesn't say.

LEE MACPHAIL
New York

To the Editor: I read the "The 'Under Standing Neorger' and His Right to Vote" by John and E. W. Kenworthy (*The Reporter*, March 26) with considerable interest since I have been assigned responsibility for Title I, the voting rights section, of the civil rights bill. To that end, I have attempted to point out many of the flagrant abuses—highlighted by the Kenworthys—which make the pending bill vitally necessary.

KENNETH B. KEATING
U.S. Senate

. . . AND MUNICIPAL

To the Editor: The article entitled "Detroit: New Model in City Hall" (*The Reporter*, April 9), by Thomas R. Brooks, is an excellent presentation of the enlightened approach of Detroit's able young mayor, Jerome P. Cavanaugh.

As a good friend and as an associate in the United States Conference of Mayors and the American Municipal Association, I have some knowledge of the breadth of vision which Mayor Cavanaugh lends to his duties as the chief executive of a great city. The citizens of Detroit, I am sure, can look forward to dedicated service of the highest order.

We in Philadelphia have been contending with much the same problems as Detroit now faces, and it is interesting to note the similarity of our approaches. These problems go to the very core of urban society, and I know of no one who would be better qualified to take them to the conference table and work toward the solutions. I agree most heartily that Mayor Cavanaugh is indeed "Contemporary American."

JAMES H. J. TATE, Mayor
Philadelphia

IN DUBIOUS BATTLE

To the Editor: The title of Bernard D. Nossiter's article, "It Will Be a Long War" (*The Reporter*, March 26), is very appropriate—perhaps more so than the planners of the war on poverty realize.

The economic problems and possible solutions have been posed and analyzed. While these problems are serious enough, another even more imposing problem exists for which no solution has yet appeared. How does one change the culture which fosters this poverty? How does one instill hope and ambition in those who have been raised in generations of poverty?

I have been acquainted with such people in the Appalachia area and have seen their resignation to a life of subsistence—or less. I have found no cause to hope and seen no way to help. I can only wonder if others can.

SUE LESTER
Knoxville, Tennessee

To the Editor: Mr. Nossiter's interesting article about the "unconditional war on poverty" has left me with one thought beyond all others: Isn't it Alice in Wonderland-like for a nation to set its definition of where poverty starts in terms of income approximately twice the maximum payments under its Social Security program? This is the same as saying our Social Security program provides its beneficiaries only with poverty.

EDGAR H. LEONI
New York

THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPET

To the Editor: Tom F. Driver's probing review of *The Deputy* and your feeling postscript (*The Reporter*, April 9) increased my already very high respect for a magazine concerned not only with the factual truth and its interpretation but also with ideas relevant to life. Such ideas relate to religion as well as to politics, economics, literature, and art. For religion is, in essence, the living view of man's relationship to the universe and life.

Both "religious" and nonreligious persons were morally responsible for the sprouting and spread of Nazism. For nihilistic Nazism arose and grew to its cancerous stage because so-called religious persons failed to feel that authentic religion must find expression in personal and social living. Equally responsible were the adherents of worthy secular philosophies—social, political, or scientific—who failed to discover that without a commitment to life and its basic positive values—truthfulness, compassion, righteousness, and wisdom, the essential components of a godly view and way of life—a human being can degenerate into a selfish, cunning, pleasure- and power-seeking animal, with an abysmal capacity for fiendish destruction.

An admirable statement on the moral person's duty to speak out, whether or not he will be heeded, is found in Ezekiel, Chapter 33.

RABBI NATHAN A. BARACK
Congregation Beth El
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

THE SCHOOL BELL

To the Editor: Fred M. Hechinger has given us a penetrating review of Dr. Max Rafferty's book, *What They Are Doing to Your Children* (*The Reporter*, April 9). He has, in addition, given us an interesting picture of the meandrous Dr. Rafferty himself. In this day of education as big business, I suppose we cannot avoid men like Dr. Rafferty, and we must also learn to expect a book or two from them. When we read their books, however, we can still hope that "twenty-three years of experience" means just that, rather than what Dr. Rafferty apparently means: one year of experience, taken twenty-three times.

DANIEL H. CARSON
Ann Arbor, Michigan

To the Editor: Congratulations for presenting Dr. Rafferty to your readers. Unfortunately, the very people who have contributed most to the poverty of American education are now "selling" reform.

DOROTHY JERDEN
Redwood City, California

Solution to

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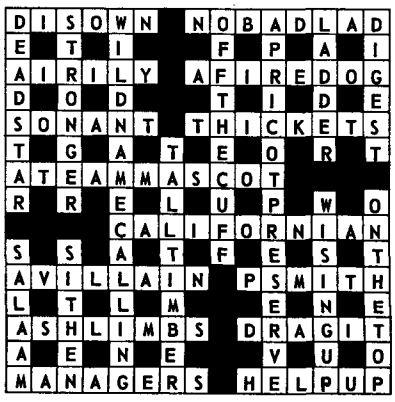

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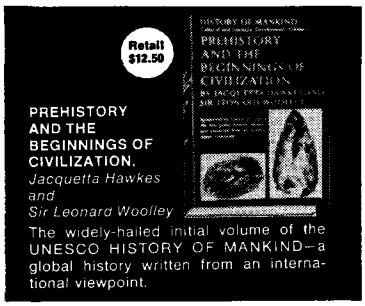

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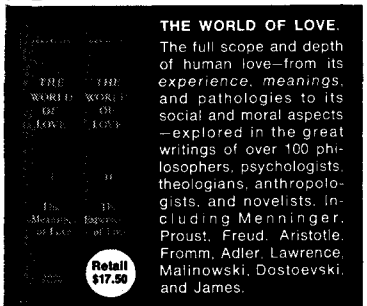

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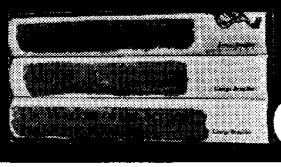

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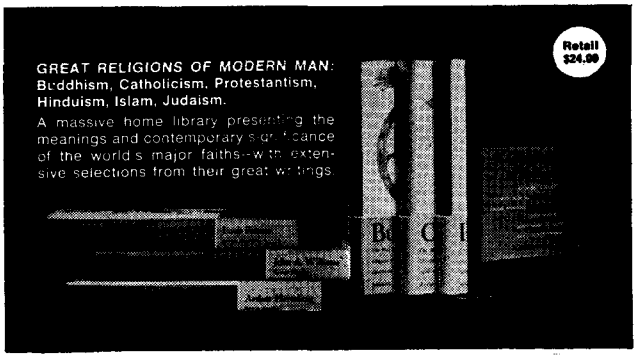

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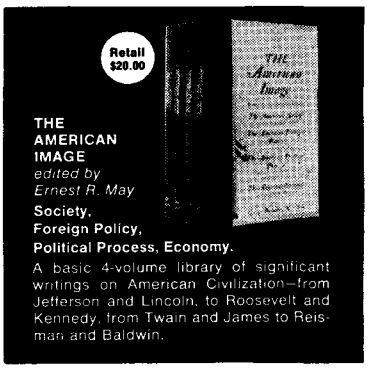

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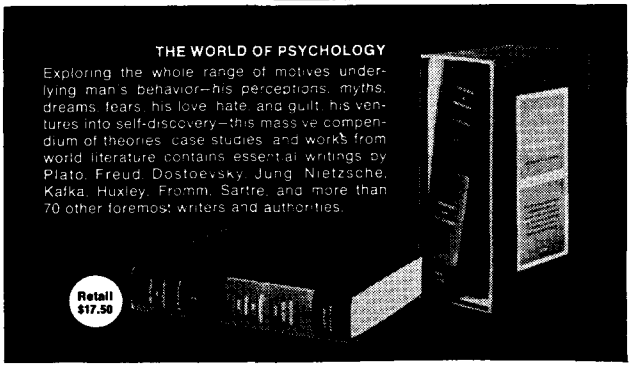

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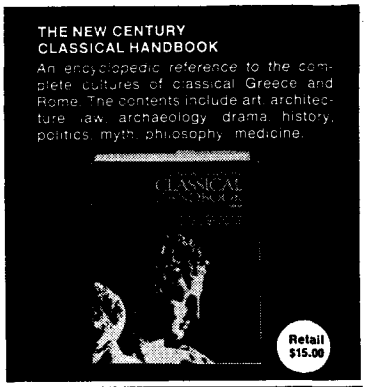

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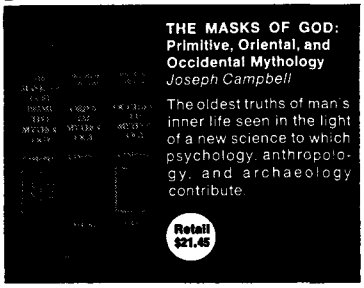

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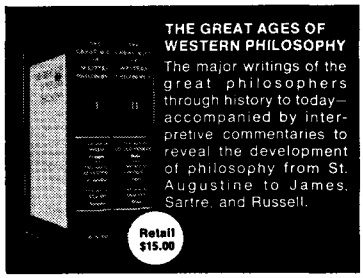

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Fair and Foul

The first visitors to the World's Fair came before the gates were opened. They were the reporters who darted in and out among the police lines looking for potential trouble spots to station themselves. Some had spent the night in nearby motels to avoid the traffic jams that were to be caused by a promised two thousand stalled cars. But the only stopped car to be seen on the highway was a police vehicle that had pulled over to one side to serve coffee from the trunk to a covey of raincoated cops.

Things were slow in starting. Nine o'clock came and went. No news. A brief flurry at the main gate but no stall-ins yet. Ten o'clock, and nothing. Not until a half an hour later did the main actors arrive—huge James Farmer, striding under a commodious black umbrella, with a CORE youngster tucked in on either side, and stylish Bayard Rustin following under *his* great umbrella with a similar complement of CORE youths at his side. Stringing along behind them came a large crowd of bareheaded CORE demonstrators, looking gay and jaunty under their signs despite the rawness of the rain. They marched purposefully through the grounds to the Louisiana Pavilion, and formed a long oval circle. Their printed signs were simple: "CORE Demands a Fair Share" or "CORE Demands Jobs." But Farmer switched to a hand-made sign reading, "This is a Louisiana Cattle Prod," when someone handed him the ugly shiny thing. The singing, which began with "We Shall Overcome," was brief, for the Louisiana Pavilion was not finished and would not be open for business for several weeks. It was no place for a sit-in, and the first act of the day's performance was a brief one.

Thus the tactics were changed, and the two big black umbrellas led the demonstrators swiftly away, splashing through the muddy puddles, to the New York City Pavilion. There another long marching circle was formed, while three small detachments from the main body stormed the doors, Farmer on the left, Rustin in the middle, and a third group at the last door on the right.

Reporters running alongside were somewhat surprised at the abruptness with which the next scene began. It was as flat and anticlimactic as sitting down can be. Suddenly, there they were, stowed away on doorsteps, surrounded by a circle of photographers, reporters, and curious onlookers. The endless round of repetitious questions and answers began. What is your name? Why are you here? How long do you plan to stay? But the second act was dragging badly, as second acts are sometimes wont to do. Some fairgoers, including a nicely dressed Negro girl, grew tired of waiting, and stepped over, around, and on the seated people to pay their dimes and get inside. The police doggedly performed their part, methodically forming their own picket line in the front of the pavilion between the sit-ins and the rest of the circling demonstrators, and waited for the paddy wagons, and after their arrival, waited again for further instructions. "You are guilty of disorderly conduct," the chief inspector said to Rustin's group. "You are interfering with the rights of others. Will you move?"

"I can't in good conscience leave," replied Rustin.

"All right. You've been warned," the inspector said, and withdrew, as did the embarrassed Pinkerton cop who had found himself entrusted with one of the newsmen's microphones to catch Rustin's reply.

Another wait, this time twenty minutes, before the final act began. Farmer and his group chose to be carried out, Rustin and his group to walk. It was all done quite formally in step to the raucous chorusing of "Police brutality, police brutality." The only scuffling witnessed here was an ugly flareup between two enraged photographers.

So much for the main event. There were still scattered pockets of pickets, and some three hundred arrests to be made. A few whites got their faces bloodied in the one significant attempt to stop a subway car, the television crews got shots of the police bumping sit-ins down and off some escalators, a dozen or so lucky protesters spent the day warm and dry inside the Ford Rotunda after the doors were closed to prevent trouble, and that was about it.

Outside, the much-touted stall-in had utterly failed, and for a very simple reason. It's one thing to hand yourself over to the New York police and spend a night in jail. It's quite another thing to trust a valued possession like a car to the whims of the day. Of the hundreds and hundreds of promised cars, only a dozen turned up. Perhaps insurance does make cowards of us all, particularly when it is certain to be withheld. At any rate, the CORE chapter that had threatened the stall-in against the wishes of the national leaders, and had been expelled by Farmer for doing so, was in full retreat. Members of the outcast group were quoted as saying their backs had been broken and that their leaders could never again be trusted to deliver. So Farmer not only got himself arrested but proved that he was still very much the man in charge.

Nothing very bad had happened, except for that asinine chanting during the President's speech. But on that point Mayor Wagner spoke for all New Yorkers when he said, "We must be ashamed."

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It Happened in Poland

Strange news has been coming out of Warsaw lately, contradicting the general notion of a relaxed, temperate order that is supposed to be reigning there. There have been few reports in our press on the gradual decline in the standard of living and the restlessness of the workers. We have heard even less about the harassing of writers by an alleged shortage of paper that makes it difficult to publish books or periodicals which deviate from the beaten path of a constantly redefined orthodoxy—a rather peculiar thing when we remember that Poland was the Communist country where, a few years ago, French, English, or German translations of *Doctor Zhivago* could be freely bought. Of course there could not be a Polish translation, but educated Poles are traditionally multilingual.

The Poles are what they have been throughout their tortured history: brave and proud. The leading intellectuals who suffered from this new tightening of the screw gave their resentment what expression they could, individually or in little groups, by appealing to people in the government hierarchy whom they considered receptive; but the situation did not improve. Finally, thirty-four of the most prominent representatives of Polish culture signed a letter to the premier, Jozef Cyrankiewicz. The letter was short, curt, and far from inflammatory:

"Restrictions on the allocation of paper for the printing of books and periodicals, and the tightening of press censorship, have created a situation that threatens the development of national culture. The undersigned, in recognition of the existence of public opinion, the right to criticize, the right of free discussion and honest information as the necessary elements of progress, and being motivated by civic concern, demand that the Polish cultural policy be changed in the spirit of the rights guaranteed by the constitution of the Polish state and as conducive to national welfare."

The signatories wanted their letter kept secret in order not to em-

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Coup de Disgrâce"

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From a recent Newsweek Music column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Newsweek lately?

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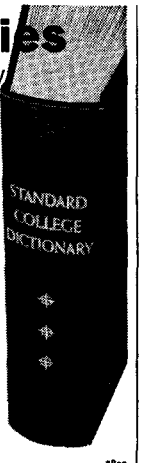

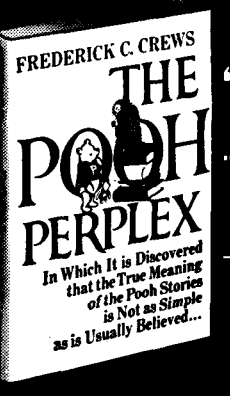
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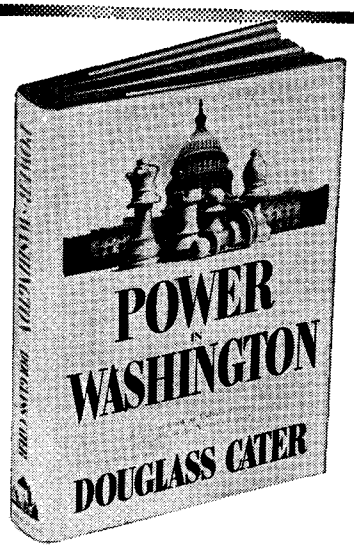

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barrass their government, but on March 27 a writer who had not signed the letter, Jan Jozef Lipski, was arrested for having allegedly collected the signatures. His incarceration lasted only a couple of days, enough to publicize the whole thing.

Immediately trouble started coming to the signatories. Passports were withdrawn, articles ready to be printed were killed, radio programs were cancelled, three university professors were forbidden to lecture, another writer was denied the facilities of a government clinic—briefly, for all thirty-four, the signing of their names became an event to remember. The government acted quietly. Jan Kott, who was supposed to go to Paris to receive a prize, had to stay home—not because he was denied a passport but because, as the government put it, he did not have one.

Poland is a country where not only the students but also the workers care for their intellectuals. According to a Reuters report, eight hundred students held a protest meeting at the University of Warsaw. The Warsaw printers did not put too much trust in the restraint of their government, and, as we learn from the London *Daily Telegraph*, declared that they would go on strike if any one of the thirty-four intellectuals was arrested.

Twenty-one of Great Britain's most prominent men of letters wrote a vigorous protest to the London *Times*—men, to mention only a few, like Alan Bullock, V.S. Pritchett, and Stephen Spender.

In our country there was little protest, individual or collective, that we know of, and, with a few exceptions, not much publicity about the whole matter. Why should there be? Poland is constantly mentioned among the Communist countries that are moving toward an open society, while it is actually closing down on its intellectuals. It is getting more independent of the Soviet Union—so independent, in fact, that its repressiveness can well compete with that of the Soviet Union. Perhaps Foggy Bottom is following the principles of our anti-trust legislation and is on the side of independent enterprises, even if slightly sordid and badly run.

Bright Lights

It is quite obvious that every day in every way Mr. Johnson is liking the Presidency better and better. Not only *liking it*—he *is beginning* to shape the office to his unique brand of leadership. For himself and that small posse of deputies, mostly Texan by origin, he has gathered in the White House, work is a round-the-clock proposition. Unlike Mr. Kennedy, who maintained fairly strict separation between his working and his social life, Mr. Johnson takes his work wherever he goes—even into the overheated swimming pool.

Even if it does create certain anxieties about health, there is something reassuring about such volcanic energy. It was surely this dynamism that moved the railway workers and operators to reconcile their major differences. If he can perform the same feat in Congress with the Civil Rights bill, he'll have the right to be called a miracle worker.

Except perhaps for the Panama crisis, Mr. Johnson has not yet had his real testing on the foreign front. But in his speech to the Associated Press editors, he exhibited as firm a grasp of international affairs as possible, given the vastness of his survey. We only regret that the attention of the public has been so narrowly focussed on the agreement with the Soviets to reduce the production of fissionable materials.

Such an exuberant man is likely to overact occasionally. After his early hesitations about press relations, Mr. Johnson seems to be moving to the opposite extreme by trying to serve as his own press secretary. Sometimes folksiness can be carried too far. The effort to set an example for his economy drive certainly misfired when it led to the passion for saving electricity in the White House. It has been a disconcerting experience to drive along Pennsylvania Avenue and pass the darkened mansion. But now we understand the President is planning to have some floodlights put up outside—as if the place were an empty monument. The White House is scarcely that with Lyndon Johnson as tenant, and he can forget the electic bill as far as we're concerned.

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MAX ASCOLI

This Liberal Magazine, 1964

We are publishing The Reporter *because we think there is room in the United States for a type of reporting free from obsession with headline "news" and from the conceit of "opinions." We believe that the national and international facts which affect the lives of the American people can be gathered, selected, and interpreted with a sense of their causes, inter-relation, and possible outcome. We believe that they can be reported in the perspective of what they mean to the American people and what the American people can do about them.*

•

The Reporter *is to be a magazine of facts and ideas, not of news or of opinion. Our aim is to process the news in order to reach the facts, and to dissect opinions in order to reach a clear idea of an American policy. Clear ideas will help us to recognize the basic facts; the basic facts will help us to determine the range within which ideas are workable. It is a grinding, deepening process: the more and the better we do our job, the closer we get to our aim, which is to enable our readers to discriminate between what can be done and what cannot be done, and to know at all times what the price is for what can and must be done.* (From the Prospectus published with the first issue of *The Reporter*, April 26, 1949.)

On this fifteenth anniversary I think that a quiet celebration is in order, not to give testimonials to myself but to re-evaluate in the perspective of time passed the formula, the angle of vision, that *The Reporter* has been pursuing.

The processing of news in order to reach the facts, the dissection of opinion in order to reach ideas, the interplay, the grinding of facts and ideas—all this is not simply based on a denial of the notion according to which all news and all opinions are born free and equal, each one approximately as good as the other. To work on facts and assess their various degrees of reality and consistency, to work on ideas and see whether and to what extent they establish a grasp on facts, this never-ending, cyclical, ever-demanding process implies a belief in man's capacity to establish some order both in his inner life and in his political behavior. This order cannot be just any odd order: to be humane, it must reflect and stand witness to the ever new and eternal idea that is freedom.

This philosophical discourse may seem queer as an attempt to describe the angle of vision of a predominantly political magazine. Yet I think that during the fifteen years of its existence *The Reporter* has been guided by a sustained faith in freedom—a faith I have tried to keep unpreacherish, relying on the positions that this magazine has taken rather than on quarreling with some of the people who call themselves, or are called, liberals.

The first years after *The Reporter* was started were, I think, singularly propitious for that selective coverage and interpretation of events which this magazine had assigned to itself. International Communism was imposing a condition of neither war nor peace that the West, and most particularly our country, found extremely difficult both to understand and to become accustomed to. An emergency of indefinite duration, a permanent revolution fomented by the Communist apparatus and likely to explode in more or less unexpected revolutions somewhere or anywhere, all this

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was very hard on a country that had found itself playing a leading role in two wars, in each case spurred by the conviction that victory meant the end of war forever. International Communism, with its terminal conception of history, with the ruthless use of all conceivable means of military and political aggression, could keep its drive going according to a flexible timetable that the ultimate, inevitable end would justify. That was a fact which could be, without too much difficulty, ascertained, just as the Communists' thoroughly perverted conception of human destiny could be.

A number of solutions for coping with this unbearable state of affairs were advocated in the late forties or early fifties—solutions that a liberal mind could not possibly accept or leave unchallenged. Preventive war, for instance, aimed at total victory over the Communist empire—a victory that could not help but be followed by the reconstruction of the countries we had destroyed. Were we not busy enough rebuilding Germany and Japan because of the conviction that ruined, defeated peoples cannot be left unrelieved without their misery becoming as great a threat to the rest of the world as the power they have lost?

In those days, there were other men in our midst, more sober in their uplifting disposition, who dreamed of a World Government, under a world rule, as if in unity the insatiable greed of totalitarian Communism could be gently tamed by due process of law. Actually, there can be no greater delusion for a liberal, no better way of losing himself and his faith, than to assume that the western institutions of sovereignty and self-government can be adopted by a universal organization that includes the countries in which the dignity of the human person is outlawed.

Evasions from the unending struggle and the unfathomable danger were sought in all directions during those first years when *The Reporter* was at work, most of them so self-denouncing that it did not take much effort for a liberal to cut them down to size. *The Reporter* had been started as a publication addressed not to *the* public but to *a* public. In fact, when it was started, it did not know whether it had any. It was the way some individuals had chosen to perform what they considered a duty, on the assumption that they would not be alone. At least this is what I can say for myself, and to those who worked with me along the way I will be forever grateful. We were happy when the feeling of having an audience started coming.

During those first years it was fun to go after the various would-be evaders from the unbreakable involvement of America in world affairs: the devotees of Fortress America, or of exclusive Pan-Americanism—the well-meaning people convinced that the predicament of our nation could be solved with an exclusive, benevolent embrace extended to the so-called sister Republics. Then, there were already the peacemongers, who have proliferated of late. Some other people had already found the gentlest of all ways to reconcile our country's condition of no war, no peace with the Soviet Union. They were clever with words, and their semantic trick became that cliché which, since the very beginning, it was destined to be: more and more repeated, less and less meaningful. Our conflict with the Soviet Union was called a cold war. I waged a one-man battle against that notion, for I think I knew from the beginning it was going to lead to some delusion of peace, no matter whether cold, lukewarm, or piping hot. Mine remained a voice in the wilderness, but that defeat I can bear with equanimity.

The inclination to look for an intramural, nationwide escape from the confrontation with international Communism reached its most lurid form during the McCarthy era. The enemy was at home; indeed, the enemy was your neighbor or your brother. The assumption of treasonable guilt on the part of anybody, government servant or not, came to be considered a sufficient reason for endless investigation into anybody's motives, as if man's inner life had become a legitimate object of public scrutiny. A new class of scrutinizers and investigators came into existence, created its own common law of malevolence and what came to be called the jurisprudence of security. Our country has known before these seasonal rampages of right-wing anarchism, but seldom have the men entrusted with the responsibility of national government shown such cowardice in facing such a rabble.

For *The Reporter*, this weird period in American history was an easy test. It doesn't take a particular amount of courage not to act cowardly; and if liberals are not active in such emergencies, what are they good for? The facts against McCarthyism were not difficult to dig out, the ideas against which they stood were the very ones on which America was founded. The protagonist himself was like an overdrawn caricature of the villain—a villain who doubly wounded the nation with his reckless, haphazard persecutions of harmless human beings and with the immunity he granted to Communist agents by not catching a single one of them. The tide kept gaining momentum for too long a time, highlighted by the man who rode it and capitalized on its splash and newsiness, while the believers in freedom measured and denounced its devastation. It was tough going sometimes. It was also a nearly perfect black-and-white state of affairs.

IT HAS BEEN far more difficult for a liberal to do his job during these last few years. We have been suffering from a remarkable scarcity of villains, at least within our borders. We have a fairly large number of would-be protagonists in our national life, whose main characteristic is a bland goodwill. It is a goodwill extended to nearly all, most particularly to our Communist

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opponents, and once in a while even to our friends. These good men have a talent for finding elements of reassurance wherever they fix their gaze: dissension and competition among the Communist nations evidence the decline of their common enmity toward us. All the initiatives the Communist powers have been taking in the years just past have invariably turned into self-inflicted defeats, sometimes with our assistance, as was the case with Cuba, sometimes without our lifting a finger, as was the case with the Berlin Wall. We seem to have reached, according to these men of goodwill, a condition of tolerable equivalence with the other side which demands only a little effort of recognition on our part, and then we will find the beginning of peace.

For already quite some time, the prevailing thinking in our country has been accustomed to the notion of automated, self-rectifying balances, such as built-in stabilizers, countervailing forces, economies at the take-off stage and beyond. Now, a little effort of myth debunking and "thinking the unthinkable" can do the job of making us reach the next stage which lies just ahead. Diversities and all-round independencies will keep the world peaceful and safe. A sort of very peculiar, unhistorical Hegelianism is pervading the thinking of our men of good will. Hegel thought that the whole of human history culminated in the Prussian kingdom of his time. Our latter-day Hegelians do not bother so much with history; the present state of interhuman affairs is not so bad if only one makes the little effort of thinking the unthinkable. It will not be too hard. Maybe it just means: take it easy.

The trouble with all these tranquilizing notions is that they are, to say the least, amoral. There is unquestionably a balance of forces that has rightly been called a balance of terror between ourselves and the Soviet Union, and every effort, like the one that has been made recently, to move toward a balanced reduction of destructiveness is to be welcomed. But the balance of power between ourselves and the Communists can never be construed as a balance of values. And if we say that the evil of Communist states is a myth, then so is freedom and so is America.

A liberal cannot give up his concern with ethics, for ethics is about half of his world. He must know how to deal with ethics and with politics and be respectful of both in the concrete situations on which he works. The ultimate test of ethics is not in an empyrean realm but in what happens to the individual in political societies, and most particularly in those where the autonomy of the individual conscience is banished. That autonomy, by definition, cannot be equally enjoyed by all; but when it is prohibited to all, that very prohibition becomes the evidence of evil.

Do I really need to add that in insisting on the evil nature of Communism, I am not advocating war as the only way of dealing with it? Indeed, there is no more shocking evidence of lack of faith in the destiny of man than to consider violence, nuclear or other, as the only way of fighting evil. The hopeless immorality of Communism should strengthen and confirm our determination to compete with it and win the competition, as the President aptly put it a few days ago. This implies diplomatic recognition, trade, and the like, when these are in the interests of our victory. But we cannot be reconciled with Communism anywhere or consider its basic immorality as mythical, any more than we can be reconciled with poverty in our midst.

On how to deal with Communism and how to deal with the allies, I have written so frequently in *The Reporter* that I feel a certain embarrassment in restating once more what I have been saying for fifteen years. If someone says that I have turned into a warmonger, or that *The Reporter* has turned to the Right (I don't know of what), I react with the same indifference as when people were claiming, during the McCarthy era that I was a Communist. The object of my overriding concern for our country has been the same: the attempts to escape from greatness that I have had to register during these fifteen years.

Why? The *why* perhaps is that this country, since its birth, from Jefferson to Lincoln to Wilson to Roosevelt, has consistently been inclined to enter into ethical compacts with mankind at large. These compacts may have been, at the beginning, of a noble and mystical nature. But certainly there was a profound shock when Americans came to realize that, in absolute reality, mankind was closing in on them. The most shattering shock was the acquisition of ultimate power. Perhaps there was no nation less inclined to play God to other nations. But the way out cannot be found by playing co-God with the Russians. Now and forever, we are stuck with our ethical principles.

WHETHER we like it or not, we are the heartland of what is called the free world. The free world has meaning only in the sense that it is different from and opposed to those other parts of the world which are not yet free. This country is the hub of a powerful interlocking system of alliances and commonwealths that sometimes are sharply divided as to the way to run common affairs, sometimes inclined to go it alone for the one very good and sufficient reason that they are free. But only the free world, united by the bond that only freedom can provide, can make its impact and power felt on the rest of mankind, and bring peace to the world as a whole. Perhaps this was the direction in which John F. Kennedy was moving. Certainly it is the aim of Lyndon B. Johnson.

Some of our readers will say, on this fifteenth anniversary: this is what *The Reporter* has been hammering at all along. Are you going to go on like that? To which my answer is: you bet.

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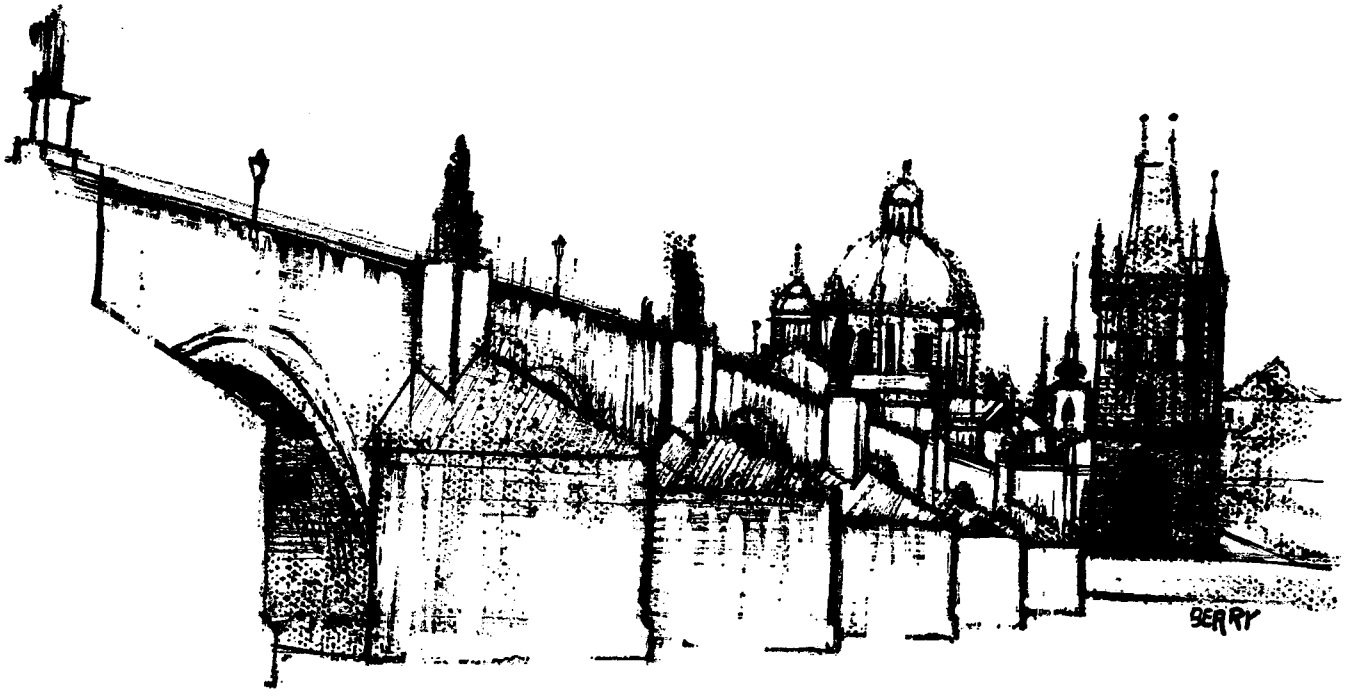

Kafka's Nightmare Comes True

GEORGE BAILEY

PRAGUE

THEY CAME to get me at five o'clock in the morning: two Czech soldiers, privates in baggy uniforms with the regulation wide black belts and heavy bronze buckles, each carrying a rifle. They waited outside my room in the Hotel Continental in Pilsen while I dressed; then they escorted me through the quiet streets to the *kommandatura*. I was ushered into an office where a staff captain and a lieutenant stood waiting. My papers were not in order, they said; I would have to leave the country on the next train. But the next train for Germany would not leave for another five hours. Meanwhile, said the staff captain, we could talk. Both he and the lieutenant were obviously worried. What did I think was going to happen to Czechoslovakia? The president kept saying that the country would have to be "a bridge between East and West." But could little Czechoslovakia be a bridge between two enormous power blocs? They were very kind: they had coffee brought in—again and again—and *rohliki* (Czech croissants), and jam and butter. Technically, I was their prisoner; actually, I was a welcome guest. The scene might have been taken from one of Kafka's novels. That was eighteen years ago.

A FEW WEEKS AGO I returned to Czechoslovakia from Berlin via Dresden. A good part of my luggage consisted of the latest bulky report of the central committee of the East German Communist Party (SED). It reflected the unprecedented uproar of the East German intelligentsia for the past three months over the new outspokenness radiating throughout the Soviet bloc from Czechoslovakia. In the wake of a long-delayed de-Stalinization, both Prague and Bratislava were flourishing as centers of the arts and open-end inquiry. And the focal point of the movement was the German-Jewish writer whose novels *The Trial* and *The Castle* I had been reading eighteen years before. Franz Kafka, who was born and had lived in Prague and died in Vienna in 1924, is not even loosely speaking a "Czech" writer. He was a Hebrew scholar of considerable accomplishment and he spoke and wrote Czech, but the body of his work is in German, his first language. The point for the Communists, pro and con, however, is not so much a literary debate as a political one, for Kafka is an archprophet of the alienation of modern man in an increasingly industrialized mass society and a devastating critic of totalitarianism.

The Czechs, I soon discovered, have not only adopted and rehabilitated Kafka; they have created a cult around him. The various houses in

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which the Kafka family lived in Prague and the family grave in the new Jewish cemetery have become something like national monuments. His complete works in Czech translation are being reissued. More important, the first translation into Russian of Kafka for issue in the Soviet Union, a selection of his short stories, was made this January, leaving East Germany the only European country in which Kafka continues to be banned. The Ulbricht régime permits certain books *about* Kafka but none *by* Kafka.

Bomb the Ban

The Kafka controversy was started at the World Peace Congress in Moscow in July, 1962, by Jean-Paul Sartre. In a speech that must have come as a surprise to his Russian hosts, Sartre called for the "disarmament of culture" as the prerequisite of ideological coexistence. He went on to cite the attitude of a society to the works of Kafka as the touchstone of cultural disarmament. Sartre's statement flew straight in the face of a ban on Kafka and Communist insistence that there can never be *ideological* coexistence between Communists and capitalists. It is surprising that his initiative did not evoke a violent and categorical rebuttal. But it did not, and the fat was in the fire.

In November, 1962, the Czech Union of Writers invited Sartre to Prague for lectures and a colloquium on Kafka. In May, 1963, a Kafka congress, arranged by Professor Edvard Goldstücker, the country's leading "Kafkologist," was held in Liblicá, a castle near Prague. The roster of congress lecturers is especially noteworthy. In addition to speakers from Hungary, Poland, East Germany, and Yugoslavia, two westerners were invited: Ernst Fischer, writer and critic and member of the central committee of the Austrian Communist Party, and Roger Garaudy, a philosophy professor and member of the politburo of the French Communist Party. The congress lasted two days, and at the end the participants were divided for and against Kafka, with the East Germans alone comprising the latter group. But it was the Communist westerners who provided the sensation of the congress. Both Fisher and Garaudy traced the cause of alienation to modern industrial society itself—without regard to the political system of a country.

The Kafka congress as a whole, and the performances of Fischer and Garaudy in particular, drew a furious blast from Alfred Kurella, member of the central committee of the SED and boss of East German culture. Kurella attacked Garaudy bitterly, complaining that in his treatment of the subject, "Alienation has virtually become synonymous with the cult of personality." Indeed, Kurella would seem to have a point: the Czech intellectuals and their western Marxist colleagues are using Stalinism as a blanket label for everything in life under Communism from which they feel "alienated"—that is, don't like. A leading Czech critic explained to me that Kafka had proved to be the supreme realist for Communists because the Stalin period was the severest form of mass alienation in modern history, adding—as an afterthought—"along with Nazism and fascism." "Alienation will continue," he said, "until the socialist system is finally perfected. Why, that may take decades—even hundreds of years!"

THE UPSHOT of the Kafka congress has been to lay bare Khrushchev's ideal of "dynamic conformism"—a formulation that pretty much sums up the essential Communist dilemma—as a simple contradiction in terms. After sixteen years of isolation, on the surge of a de-Stalinization movement that is all the more a sustaining force because of peculiar internal circumstances as well as because of its belatedness, the Czechs and Slovaks are using Kafka as a pontoon bridge between East and West—an emergency means to restore the community of culture. Edward Albee's play *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is currently playing to packed houses in Prague. In the Czech translation the title has been changed to *Who's Afraid of Franz Kafka?*

The theatre has become the main avenue of creative release from the suffocating drabness of totalitarian regimentation. There are now some twenty-five legitimate theatres in Prague and about fifty amateur theatrical groups operating in Prague and its environs. People go to the theatre in droves—every performance is sold out days in advance—for the express purpose of reacting. The result is a kind of aggressive applause. The people sit on the edges of their seats, poised to catch the points as they are made and to underline them with immediate and vehement clapping. This sets up a tension between actors and audience that is new in my experience.

The False Noses

In the theatre the Czechs lampoon everything—the government, the party, themselves. I saw the hit of the season, *Zahradni Slavnost* ("Garden Party"), in which the party-state is personified as a seedy manager-cum-father figure, at once silly, cynical, and officious, who insists on amusing his charges by suddenly affixing a false nose. He uses a bigger nose for each succeeding act as the need for offsetting the tragedy of the situation grows. His inevitable comment at the end of every discussion or episode is *"No Nic"* ("never mind—no matter"). The hero is a favorite son who brings off the admirable coup of liquidating the state board of liquidation. The wit that pervades "Garden Party" and much of life in Czechoslovakia today has a wormwood quality.

The overpowering impression in traveling through Czechoslovakia is one of unrelieved squalor. The accumulation of dirt and decay in Prague, and especially in Pilsen, is so flagrant that it seems deliberate. The scribbled signs tacked on many buildings almost sum up the situation: *"Pozor, Pada Omitka"* ("Beware of Falling Plaster"). Most of the Czechs I talked to were quick to apologize for this really depressing state of general disrepair. "Why don't people clean things up a bit?" I asked. "Nobody cares: nothing belongs to anybody any more; everything to the state." "Then why doesn't the state clean things up?" "The state can't. It has neither the money nor the men to do the job."

A current theory has it that the Czech economy has been subtly and systematically ruined by the Good Soldier Schweik that is in every Czech—Jaroslav Hasek's folk hero, the certified idiot who is nobody's fool and whose "ingenious stupid-

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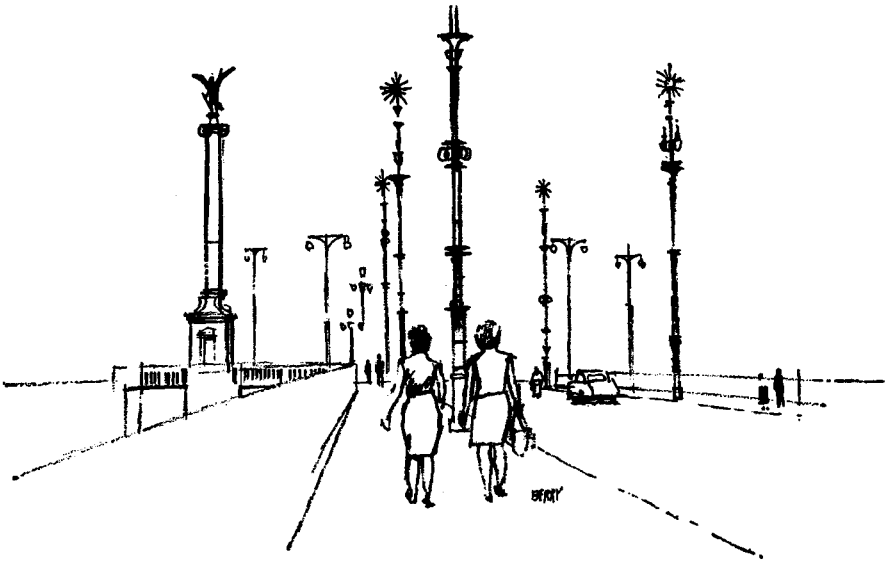
ity" foils authority at every turn. This is a myth. But there is a legitimate cause for the myth. The Czech economy has indeed been subtly and systematically sabotaged, but the real culprit is the system. The pervading neglect is categorically determined by a system of priorities designed to foster the indiscriminate expansion of basic industries. Over the past ten years the Czech government has consistently invested from thirty to thirty-five per cent of the national budget in the economy, mainly in the expansion of industry. Billions of dollars have been spent in building new plants and machines that are either not yet in production or have only been put into production long after construction was completed. Maintenance costs increase geometrically with plant expansion. The disregard of maintenance has disrupted services and crippled transport. It has resulted in poor quality of product and a high incidence of rejects. The Czechs lost 1.5 billion crowns (over $200 million) through rejects last year alone—an almost twelve per cent increase over 1962—and the relatively poor quality of many Czech products has caused dissatisfaction among consumers both at home and abroad. This, combined with a rigid central planning system that studiously ignores consumer interests and needs, has produced a vast backlog of unsalable products. The Czechs did not vociferously complain, but they did refuse to buy. "A crucial oversight of the totalitarian state," said a Slovak writer, "is that there is no codified penalty for sales resistance." Meanwhile the ponderous, dilapidated machinery of state enterprise creaks implacably on, churning out huge quantities of outmoded or inferior articles which can never be sold or which, if any are sold, merely ensure that future Czech goods will not be.

The plan for the building and operation of power stations is far behind schedule. A shortage of electricity is the chronic anemia of all Communist states. The scanty lighting of streets gives their cities a peculiar, spectral aspect at night. In villages the blackout is almost complete. Driving from Brno to Bratislava at night, I noticed that the headlights of my car usually provided the only illumination in the streets of the villages through which I passed. "What did people use for light before candles?" runs the appropriate Czech joke. Answer: "Electricity." Here there is a direct connection between the general Communist economic failure and the policy of peaceful coexistence: the jamming of foreign radio broadcasts consumes enormous amounts of electricity. Faced with bankruptcy, each régime has been forced to choose between feeding power into productive industry or pouring it down the rathole of electronic interference. The choice throughout the bloc has been to reduce jamming. The Czech government has ceased jamming Voice of America broadcasts in English and all Austrian broadcasts. The latter clearance is particularly appreciated since many of the people speak German as a second language.



THE CRACKS in the Czechoslovak economy began to appear as early as 1955, but the government took alarm only in 1962, when it was already too late to effect a relatively smooth correction. The year 1963 was set aside for reorganization and the drafting of a new long-term plan. Hence the production plan for last year called for an increase of only one per cent. Actually, total production fell 0.4 per cent below the 1962 level. To make matters worse, the new plan proved to be useless. The reverse was even more violent in some sectors of the economy. Building construction, for example, fell ten per cent below the 1962 level. But the worst performance of all was in the construction of agricultural housing, where only five per cent of the plan was fulfilled. This spectacular failure was the more distressing because agriculture is the particular problem child of the economy and the agricultural construction program was designed to attract more workers to the farms. Gross agricultural production for 1962 fell 7.6 per cent below the 1961 level, which the government has so far been unable to equal.

The government became worried. In the fall of 1962, the first queues appeared in front of foodstores: food, and especially meat, had become scarce. Shortly thereafter a weekly meatless day and an anti-meat propaganda campaign were introduced. "I'm going to Pilsen," says one Czech to another in Prague. "Why? Is there meat in Pilsen?" "No —that's where the end of the line is." Then came the great Soviet wheat-crop failure, which affected the entire bloc. "Have you heard," runs the current Czech anecdote, "about the latest Russian miracle? They plant wheat in the Ukraine, and it comes up in Canada!" At the same time the Chinese reduced their exports of food—including a good deal of canned meat—to the merest trickle. By 1963, trade with China, once fifth among Czech foreign clients, had virtually ceased. Worst of all, COMECON, the Soviet-bloc economic union, failed to meet its commitments to the Czechs.

Under the allocation of economic activities laid down in the Soviet

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grand design for the satellite countries, Czechoslovakia was to provide machines, tools, and finished products, while predominantly agricultural countries were to provide much of the food. In most cases the countries designated simply could not provide the food. Where they could, other considerations prevented the promised deliveries. For example, COMECON has had its own chicken war: the Hungarians, who specialize in the production of chickens for export, preferred to send them to western countries for hard currency. The Romanians found a similar excuse for nondelivery. To make up for the resultant shortages, the Czech government has been forced to delve still further into its depleted foreign currency reserves to purchase wheat from Canada and, through European middlemen, wheat and soybeans from the United States. The Czech economy is eating its own tail.

'How Could We Have Done It?'

The greatest single problem in agriculture, as in the economy at large, is the acute manpower shortage. "Six hundred streetcleaners could clean up Prague in less than three weeks," a Czech journalist told me. "But we don't have six hundred men to spare for the job, and if we did, the government could not afford to spend so much money on a mere cleaning operation." The government does not have the skilled workers available to build new machinery or even to build new factories to house old machinery. This despite the fact that women work to a degree unheard of in Europe, including the Soviet Union. More than forty-three per cent of the total labor force and thirty-nine per cent of the industrial labor force is made up of women. Nearly half of the agricultural workers are women; in many sectors of the economy, such as transport and services, women workers form the majority. In order to live decently, both husband and wife must work. The abortion rate, the highest in Europe, in 1963 was one for every two births in Bohemia and Moravia and one for every three births in Catholic Slovakia.

The net result of this combination of circumstances ("We are operating within a context of overlapping vicious circles") has been general collapse of morale—especially in the Czech lands—and, specifically, a galloping deterioration of labor discipline. This is the theme of the daily party harangues to the public.

Sixteen years after the great experiment of Communist planning began, all are agreed that it has resulted in an almost unqualified failure. But the debacle in Czechoslovakia is not just another Communist economic failure. In Czechoslovakia, Communism was put to a laboratory test under apparently ideal conditions. In 1948 the party took over an industrial society with one of the most highly skilled labor forces in the world and a plant in generally good condition. To be sure, the Soviets have exploited the country's economy in truly colonialist fashion. But the exploitation could have been intelligent. It was not. The system of exploitation used could have been resisted. It was not. "How could we," asked a prominent Czech economist rhetorically, "the most highly industrialized nation in Eastern Europe, have taken the Stalinist system of highly centralized, nonspecialized planning which sets the same broad quantitative norms for all fields of production—a system devised to increase radically the basic, heavy industrial plant of a backward nation—how could we have been so stupid as to take such a system and impose it lock, stock, and barrel on our economy? It's incredible."

For several months now a heated discussion has been in progress between old-line party stalwarts and the great majority of the country's economists over how to retrieve the economy from its present plight. This controversy is a reflection of the controversy in the arts: broadly speaking, the same groups—intellectuals against party hacks at all levels—are involved in both struggles; the basic issue is the same. What is at stake is the concept of economic centralism and hence central control by the party, just as central party direction and control of writers and artists is the nub of the Kafka controversy. The hard core of the party argues in both cases that to do away with centralism is to abandon socialism. The intellectuals argue that persistence in central control will inevitably bankrupt the economy in the one case and perpetrate the stagnation of the arts in the other. The ultimate problem, as the economist Oto Sik put it in a recent article here, is how "to incite the economic interest of our own producers"—specifically, how to spur the profit motive but pull up short of the concept of private property.

The party stalwarts, in doggedly holding the line, have been reduced for the most part to mere exhortation: "Work harder, save more, increase quality." They realize that the economy is drastically overextended. The government has recently announced its intention to close 162 enterprises before the year is out. It has prepared a vague system of material incentives—bonuses and the like for outstandingly productive and "socially useful" units and individuals—apparently to be paid out of the money saved from the dismissal of supernumeraries. Finally, it has begun a comprehensive austerity program that includes a considerable readjustment of prices (a ten per cent increase in the price of a number of quality meat and dairy products and fish on February 10, a ten per cent increase of all restaurant prices on April 1), wages, rents (to be raised on October 1 to cover the half-billion-crown deficit between maintenance costs and income from rental), and pensions (a general reduction). Also, the free distribution of school supplies will cease on July 1, and the distribution of free medicine sometime this year. These measures amount to a fairly drastic reduction of the state's social-welfare overhead, the more painful to the public for its coming all at once—a massive blow that could easily have been avoided if the party-state had come alive to its problems seven years ago.

Even these correctives are not nearly drastic enough to effect the desired change. Not hundreds but literally thousands of enterprises are in effect working against the economy. What is called for as a start in the right direction is the massive dismantling and scrapping of obsolete and irrelevant plant. What is then needed is a basic recasting of the economy so that fac-

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tories will be able to shift quickly into mass production of highly specialized goods to meet the changing consumer demands in a modern industrial society. This need is particularly pressing in view of the Common Market's scheduled fixing of united trade policies in 1965. At that time all bilateral trade arrangements between members of the Market and Eastern-bloc countries will be renegotiated. If Czechoslovakia is not then in a position to meet the Market's specified needs, it will lose out.

A Warning from Comrade Ulbricht

In its search for a solution, the party has sent numerous delegations to Yugoslavia to study the system of workers' councils and, more important, the limited system of free enterprise that the Yugoslavs have gradually extended over the years (a private firm may now employ up to ten men). But these explorations are being made gingerly. The party has apparently no intention of adopting many of the Yugoslav innovations in Czechoslovakia.

So far, the most revolutionary step that the government has reluctantly taken is the campaign to attract foreign tourists on a mass scale. This development has necessitated the abolition or relaxation of a whole series of restrictions affecting Czechs as well as foreigners. Since foreign tourists are now allowed to come in, some local tourists must be allowed to go out. Here, despite severe currency restrictions and strict group-tour arrangements, the government must and does accept the inevitability of a certain amount of defection of Czech tourists. Out of approximately two hundred Czech visitors at the Olympic Winter Games in Innsbruck, eleven asked for asylum. Over the Easter weekend, three out of a busload of some forty Czechs decided to stay in the West. In both directions of the tourist flow, the régime has exposed itself to comparisons at a time when the economic situation of the country is bound to get worse. But the risk had to be taken; Czechoslovakia is in dire need of foreign exchange. Tourism is also another way to lay the foundations for better relations with the West with a view to receiving long-term credits—that is, as a means of inducing the West to finance the salvaging of the system. These credits must come primarily from America and West Germany. As regards America, this entails a restoration of most-favored-nation status and an abrogation of the strategic embargo. But West Germany is a very special case.

Last fall it was generally expected that a trade agreement involving the reciprocal establishment of official trade missions between Germany and Czechoslavakia was imminent. In October the Czechs even arranged an interview with President Antonin Novotny for the West German magazine *Der Stern,* in which he came out strongly for better relations and, specifically, more trade. Then something happened. Negotiations have been on ice ever since. The Kafka controversy may be the cause. In their sharp rejection of the Kafka movement and all its implications, the East German central committee also warned the other satellites against the establishment of official trade relations with West Germany. The warning came late for all except Czechoslavakia. Until the Kafka congress, Prague had been the one source of satellite support for the purely Stalinist régime of Walter Ulbricht. The assumption in Prague is that the East German régime, alarmed at the prospect of encirclement by the West German trade drive in the satellites and by the omens of the Kafka congress, intervened with the Czechs to stop negotiations with the West Germans.

"If you think that the economy is in a mess," one Communist told me, "the party is in a much worse mess. It's a circus." The supreme irony in Prague and Pilsen was this: by far the dirtiest premises were the offices of the political agitation centers. In one, located on a main street of Prague, through cracked windows that had not been washed for perhaps a year, I made out an interior covered with dust against a backdrop of frayed red curtains filthy with accumulated dirt. In the center of the window display sagged a large fly-blown poster yellow with age. "Citizens!" it read, "Do not throw refuse on the ground. Keep our cities and communities clean!" I mentioned the spectacle of the political centers to every party member I met thereafter. Said one: "They are all more or less like that."

Czechs, Slovaks, and Cacistocrats

The two words I heard most often in political discussion were "dilettantes" and "bunglers." In the sixteen years the Communists have been in power, they have created their own cacistocracy—the rule of the worst—and have produced collective squalor. The party demands that its leaders come from a working-class background in the strictest sense of the term. (A former chairman of the Slovakian Communist Party was a tailor, another chairman was a shoemaker. "Now the one might have been a very good tailor and the other was probably a good shoemaker," said a local party secretary, "but they were both lousy chairmen.") "Obedience, blind and absolute," is another prerequisite, and a system of political commissars dictates the primacy of political control at all times and all levels. "A factory manager," a local party secretary complained, "has to contend continuously with the local factory party leader, who may be a simple worker and a dumb one at that. There is the same friction between the government and the party."

The politically active members of the party now favor radical change. However, certain members of the top leadership firmly opposed to any such change have the backing of the politically indifferent membership

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and the opportunists—the "loyal incompetents" spread throughout the middle echelons of factory management and planning who stand to lose their jobs in any meaningful reorganization. The spearhead of opposition to the present policies is, as usual, the Academy of Sciences.

DE-STALINIZATION was slow to reach Czechoslavakia. More than five years after Khrushchev's Twentieth Party Congress speech in 1956—long after their Polish and Hungarian neighbors had tumultuously and more or less thoroughly de-Stalinized—the Czech Communists began making the first cautious moves toward cleaning out their own Augean stables, and then only under Soviet pressure. There were compelling reasons for this reluctance: unlike any other Communist country, Czechoslovakia is a dual-nation state. There are striking differences between Czechs and Slovaks in language, history, culture, and temperament, and the Stalinist purge in Czechoslovakia was conducted largely along discriminatory, nationalist lines. During the Second World War the Czech lands were included in the Third Reich as a protectorate; Slovakia was a so-called autonomous state. More important, while the Czechs were effectively forced to drudge in support of the German war machine, the Slovaks made use of their special situation and highly suitable terrain to mount a considerable partisan movement under Communist leadership. The Slovaks claim to have had a hundred thousand men under arms in the mountains in 1944. In short, the Slovaks possess a partisan tradition, while the Czechs have the tradition of obedience under the boot, a tradition hardly the less onerous for being historically and geographically understandable.

When the Soviet Army finally "liberated" most of Czechoslavakia in 1945, it brought with it the cadre of the Czech Communist Party from its exile in Russia. The friction between the old Communist exiles centered in Prague and the young Communist partisans headquartered in the Slovak capital, Bratislava, began immediately. When the purging season came, the Czechs condemned the Slovak Communist leaders on charges of "bourgeois nationalism." With their recent rehabilitation and the party's admission that the charges against them were trumped up, the Slovak cause has become identified with the general campaign for reform. Also, the Slovak drive for equality (not autonomy) and the general drive against artistic, economic, and administrative centralized control thus neatly coincide, since the center under attack in both cases is Prague.

Under increasing pressure from the intellectuals, the régime first jettisoned Karol Bacilek, first secretary of the Slovak Communist Party, and then last September Premier Viliam Siroky and his clique. Siroky was replaced by a Slovak, Jozef Lenart, who is generally regarded as a liberal. President Novotny, who is also first secretary of the party, is regarded as the chief holdover from the Stalinist days, and de-Stalinization cannot be considered complete until he departs.

The recent establishment of ideological commissions to improve and intensify "party guidance" of chief editors and editorial boards has so far had no visible effects. The cacistocracy is simply unable to cope with the intellectuals outside the confines of party organization. Coercion having been outlawed, at least for a time, the only effective weapon remaining to the leadership is administrative control. The leadership can and does restrict publication of intellectuals' magazines, newspapers, and books by pleading paper shortages. The embargo against all non-Communist publications from abroad is still rigorously enforced. And, of course, the régime still controls appointments and can prevent individual intellectuals from visiting ideological danger spots abroad. (Apparently, the Soviet Union has also declared Paris "off limits" to its writers: over last winter not one Soviet writer—as distinct from cultural functionaries—visited Paris.) It is more difficult to restrict travel within the bloc without openly declaring a state of hostilities: the Czech critic Antonín Liehm scooted down to Budapest in January and came back with an interview supporting complete freedom of expression from the grand old man of Marxist letters, George Lukacs (during his imprisonment with Imre Nagy, Lukacs had decided that Kafka's *The Trial* is a realistic novel).

From Rohliki to Goulash

In some ways the party has been strengthened by the revolt; it might not even have survived without it. Avowedly, the intellectuals are trying desperately to rehabilitate Marxism, to develop a philosophical product that makes sense. They regard their attempt as the only means of countering a precipitate, general loss of faith—a loss that is most conspicuous among the youth of the country.

"Every one of the young people I know in the theatre," a director told me, "is violently anti-Communist—and often enough for the wrong reasons." There is vague hope, and more often mere resignation to the idea that some form of socialism can be worked out. A good many writers would like to be Marxists; a good many more would like not to have been Marxists in vain. In Marxist terms, there is an interrelationship between a society's economic base and its cultural superstructure—between the factory and the theatre. The Czechs have discovered from experience that they do not know what this connection is. Whatever it is, the writers demand relative autonomy. They suspect that the best way to make the connection between the economic base and the cultural superstructure active is to do the work the superstructure demands.

THE INTELLECTUALS are rushing to compare notes with anybody who has notes to compare. I joined a company of Slovaks at eleven o'clock on a Friday morning and finally managed to take my leave at seven o'clock Saturday morning, after twenty hours of marathon wassail and the most intensive question-and-answer period I have ever experienced. There was a break at one point when the cook came out to meet the American. "Will you be here tomorrow?" he asked. I replied that my visa would expire then. "Too bad," he said. "If you were here tomorrow, I'd cook you a goulash so good that you'd ask for asylum in Slovakia."

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California Democrats: Battle Royal for the Senate

BILL STOUT

Los Angeles

The politics of California sometimes even embarrasses Californians. The fuss over the U.S. Senate candidacy of Pierre Salinger, the former Presidential press secretary, is a case in point. The state supreme court ruled that he is eligible to run, but its decision came only after a confusing crossfire of official statements alternately accepting and rejecting him. Thus he joined a field of Senate hopefuls that was already more or less crowded with contenders.

It would be a mistake, however, to view the Senate contest as anything less than a long-awaited showdown within the California Democratic Party. Now, for the first time, the lines are clearly drawn between two bitterly antagonistic forces that have been in conflict since shortly after the great Democratic victory of 1958. The outcome of the June 2 primary will do much more than decide the Democratic candidate for the Senate; it will decide who speaks for the party in California, Governor Edmund G. "Pat" Brown or Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh. It will decide which face the party turns toward the people, and which philosophy.

In 1958 the Democrats elected a governor for the second time in this century, and in the process they shattered the Republican Party. Democrats swept to power in every statewide elective office except one, took control of both houses of the legislature, the Congressional delegation, and the Senate seat now in contention. They also won their first chance to control the decennial redistricting required by law, shaping the legislative and Congressional boundaries to conform with population changes and to meet some of the political needs of the party. The defeat of the Republicans was so complete that, coupled with the masterful job of district juggling promised by the winners, there were predictions that the Republican Party was finished as a power in state politics for at least a decade.

It was in that heady atmosphere of victory that the first sounds of family discord were heard. On one side

Wide World Photo

stood the thousands of active members of the California Democratic Council, an unofficial organization representing volunteer clubs throughout the state; on the other, the officeholders and paid party workers faithful to Speaker Unruh, priding themselves on being "professionals" and scorning the CDC supporters as so many meddlesome amateurs. The Unruh followers accepted the speaker's oft-quoted dictum that "Money is the mother's milk of politics." They joined him in insisting that the CDC, useful as it might be in sharing the burden of campaigning, should leave the business of government and party policy to the professionals.

In the early 1950's, Pat Brown, then state attorney general, was the only Democrat to win statewide office. He remembered the help he had been given by the CDC and its leaders, and he was grateful. Moreover, he wanted a united party, not just to assist his administration but because he was looking ahead to the 1960 Presidential election when Richard M. Nixon would head the Republican ticket. Like other California Democrats, Brown had been outraged by brass-knuckle Nixon campaigns of the past and wanted desperately to see him beaten.

Brown's Bitter Victory

If it had not been for Caryl Chessman, who became a best-selling author while awaiting execution, Brown might have kept peace in the party, but the governor was torn between his personal opposition to the death penalty and the fact that the case had developed into an explosive political issue. People who were against capital punishment accused Brown of giving into lynch-law hysteria, while a majority of newspapers and state legislators charged that the governor violated his oath of office by keeping the condemned man alive. The case had been hotly debated in California since Chessman was sentenced in 1948, but by 1959 and early 1960 it had become a shrill controversy with echoes around the world. When Chessman finally was executed on May 2, 1960, Brown had been seriously weakened as the leader of his party, and the Democratic national convention in Los Angeles was only two months away.

Brown called his convention delegates into session at Sacramento with only one disputed item on the schedule: the ouster of Paul Ziffren as national committeeman. Ziffren had been a law partner of Chicago's political boss, Colonel Jake Arvey, before moving to California during

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the lean years of the Democratic Party. Crossfiling had not yet been abolished, and a Republican like Earl Warren could win both nominations in the primary, thus avoiding a fall campaign.

Ziffren settled in Beverly Hills and soon built both a lucrative law practice and a successful career in politics. He rose easily to a place on the national committee and worked hard at remaking the enfeebled Democratic Party in California, realizing from the first years of CDC that its army of hard-working volunteers held the best hope for victory. He encouraged the club movement and listened to its spokesmen, and the CDC returned the favor by making Ziffren one of its heroes. Brown, however, was working closely at this time with Unruh, who saw in Ziffren a professional like himself but one with a streak of heresy that made him insist that the amateurs also had a place in politics. Brown supported Ziffren's ouster, calling on each of his delegates to prove their loyalty by rejecting the man who had helped hold the party together through the lean years and by voting instead for the Brown-Unruh choice, Attorney General Stanley Mosk. Mosk won, but the delegation moved on to the convention bitterly divided.

It was then, with some old friends so angry they refused to speak to each other, that Brown lost control of the delegation. The strategists of the Kennedy organization listened to the wrangling as the governor pleaded with his delegates; they knew they would not have the bloc-vote strength they had counted on and they were disgusted. Brown was further humiliated by the widely circulated line from a news magazine calling him "a tower of jelly." The Kennedy people, looking for an operator they could understand and depend upon, turned to Unruh.

They did not seem to care that Unruh was largely to blame for the maneuvering that created the confusion among the California delegates. They knew only that they needed a California boss for the convention infighting and the subsequent campaign, and Unruh got the job. Nixon won the state that fall, but Unruh somehow preserved his reputation as a shrewd campaigner and stood almost alone as the man the Kennedys relied upon. Dallas changed many things, including Unruh's standing in national politics. He has talked recently of his visits to the LBJ Ranch and his close relationship with the new President, but much of his zest for political power seems to have disappeared since Kennedy's death. "I'll never have another tiger like that again," friends have heard him say.

Unruh Unhorsed

Unruh is clearly determined, however, to have a hand in the Senate race. The incumbent, Senator Clair Engle, has been unable to speak or move effectively since undergoing brain surgery last August. For months afterward the California Democratic Party was divided by some of the most macabre jockeying on record. A parade of visitors to Washington ("They all want to give him the saliva test," said Mrs. Engle) resulted in a series of contradictory reports. "He is the same Clair Engle," said financier Bart Lytton, a colorful and often unpredictable force in California, "sharp and alert and entirely able to carry out his duties." Not so, said Governor Brown: "He is not even capable of carrying on a conversation." To which Edna Weisbart, an Engle staff member, countered, "Senator Engle is gaining strength daily and will return to California to campaign for the June 2 primary."

In February, the CDC held its convention in Long Beach, with several thousand delegates representing more than seventy thousand club members throughout the state. They argued whether to endorse Controller Alan Cranston, Representative James Roosevelt, Engle, or no one. The emotional peak of the convention came when a long-distance call was piped into the auditorium, carrying Engle's halting plea for support. Many delegates, remembering the incumbent as a tough, witty veteran of past campaigns, shook their heads sadly; others wept. But in the end the delegates put aside sentiment and voted overwhelmingly to support Cranston. That brought the party fight into the open, for Cranston is Unruh's leading antagonist. They make no secret of their mutual dislike. True, Unruh tried last fall to get Cranston named to succeed Engle, but his real aim was to move into the controller's office himself. Neither Cranston nor Engle would consider it.

The CDC convention was a blow to Unruh, who had publicly predicted that no endorsement would be made. He suffered several other reversals, beginning with Roosevelt's refusal to join in any attempt to scuttle the Cranston candidacy. Mosk, ahead of Cranston in the opinion polls, was just as willing to participate in internecine scheming as he had been in 1960, and he accepted Unruh's proposal that he enter the race. But Mosk found that Unruh did not speak for as many party leaders as he apparently thought he did. The weekend of February 28, Mosk was telling friends that he had decided to run, but by Monday his aides admitted that all plans were changed. What had happened was that various heavy contributors to Democratic campaigns turned down requests for support and some even withdrew pledges already made. Brown, in a rare display of assertiveness, bluntly directed Mosk not to run. The pressure was partly born of fear that a bitter primary fight might lose the seat now held by Engle and might even lose the state for Lyndon Johnson. But the most important factor, many feel, was simply Unruh's inability to deliver all that he had promised, including some of the big money and the AFL-CIO endorsement, which later went to Cranston.

For Unruh, shuttling between his offices in Sacramento and Los Angeles and busy with the special budget session of the legislature, there was not enough time for the politicking he thought essential. Roosevelt had refused him. Mosk had withdrawn. Cranston, standing alone as the organization's choice to force Engle into resignation or sure defeat, was further strengthened by Brown's firm endorsement. Unruh tried a few prospects among leading Democrats, including Tom Braden, a newspaper publisher and president of the state board of education, and Najeeb Halaby, administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency, but they turned him down. There was a growing conviction that Unruh wanted to crush Cranston even at the risk of

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losing the Senate seat to the Republicans. (The most likely Republican candidate for Engle's seat is George Murphy, the former actor.)

Lucky Pierre

It was at this point that Salinger came on the scene. To Unruh, battered by months of defeat, the former White House press secretary must have been the most welcome sight of the year. It was not, of course, the purest happenstance. Mosk had been in Washington just prior to Salinger's resignation, urging him to make the race. Still smarting from the humiliation of his forced withdrawal, Mosk promised to do all he could to help, in fund raising as well as speechmaking, and assured Salinger he could win. It seems likely that Mosk acted at Unruh's suggestion, although Unruh has insisted that he personally did not bring Salinger into the race.

Thus the battle is joined in California between Unruh's "professionals" and Cranston's "amateurs." Unruh has frequently criticized CDC convention resolutions, such as those urging a friendlier position toward Communist China and opposing the administration's fallout-shelter program, contending that they cause nothing but trouble for Democratic officeholders and arguing that an unofficial group has no right to endorse or criticize elected officials on the basis of agreement with the group's philosophy. Many Democrats, however, both in and out of CDC, believe that Unruh's preoccupation with power and the political uses of campaign money, regardless of its source, is a dangerous and distasteful departure from the ideals of the Democratic Party. That is the heart of the disagreement. Unruh is quick to punish those who cross him by bringing to bear all the machinery of the legislature and the regular party organization. He and Eugene Wyman, the state party chairman, virtually control all the money raised from the $10-, $50-, and $100-a-plate dinners, plus the contributions from lobbyists who, if they care at all about their treatment in the legislature, are wise enough to give directly to the Unruh-Wyman faction.

The fund-raising dinner is a major source of campaign dollars in California. A recent testimonial for Unruh, as one example, drew more than eleven hundred persons at $50 a plate. The net profit of perhaps fifty thousand dollars was augmented by revenue from a souvenir program filled with costly advertisements. Such funds are tightly controlled by the Unruh-Wyman organization, as are the gifts of regular donors in such varied lines of endeavor as horse racing, liquor, banking, oil, and savings and loan associations.

Cranston will clearly have difficulty matching the big money Unruh hopes to provide for Salinger. The CDC is the most potent political force in the state in terms of rallies, mailings, and the get-out-the-vote effort on election day, but not in matters financial. Cranston must rely on the contributions of club members, organized labor, and those donors he can attract directly or because of the governor's endorsement.

From all this it is clear that the issues of the primary contest run much deeper than the personalities of the candidates. Actually, Cranston and Salinger once worked together in helping form CDC during the long years of one Democratic defeat after another. But Salinger, a San Francisco newspaperman, moved East to join *Collier's* magazine, then worked as an investigator under Robert Kennedy on the staff of Senator McClellan's rackets subcommittee. Cranston stayed in California with the CDC, winning election as state controller in 1958 and re-election in 1962. He too has been a reporter, covering events in England, Italy, and Ethiopia for the old International News Service from 1936 to 1938. Eleven years later, he became the national president of the United World Federalists, a post he held until 1952. He is, in short, precisely the kind of free-wheeler loved by the CDC and loathed by Unruh.

Salinger has said he is running on the issues, not against any of the other candidates, and has insisted he is not the candidate of Unruh or anyone else. He claims the support

THE DARK HORSE

The wildest possibility raised by the confusion in the Senate race is that Engle, Cranston, and Salinger may all share the election-night agony of gritting their teeth and making statements of concession.

A fourth candidate, pension promoter George McLain, self-proclaimed champion of the old folks, has been enjoying their political support for twenty-five years.

In 1948 he wrote an initiative amendment into the state constitution, and with it voted one of his aides into the top job as state welfare director. It took a massive referendum campaign, *at a cost of* hundreds of thousands of dollars, to put the welfare laws back where they had been and to get McLain's aide out of government.

In 1960, McLain ran a slate of convention delegates against the regular party delegation headed by Brown. McLain polled 646,000 votes against Brown's 1,354,000.

When McLain filed for the Senate, he was greeted with the disdain given perennials who run only for the publicity. His filing was dismissed as a grandstand gesture for the benefit of the old folks who support his *California League of Senior Citizens, to let them know he still* is plugging away for Medicare and higher pensions.

But McLain has stirred memories of the "Ham 'n' Eggs" and "Thirty Dollars Every Thursday" battles of the 1930's with his slogan: "End Poverty in America." As he confided, "I sort of borrowed it from Upton Sinclair, but his plan was called EPIC and was only for ending poverty in California, and I cover all of America." It can be done, McLain has promised, "by giving at least $216.50 every month to every person sixty-two years and over."

McLain has been campaigning on eighteen California radio stations, selling himself and his $216.50 a month. He has a ready-made organization complete with printing press, volunteer workers, and a huge mailing list based on the fifty thousand members who pay to support his activities.

If the party split is as deep as it seems, if only the predicted fifty or sixty per cent of the state's four million-plus Democrats turn out to vote, and if, despite his poor showing in the early polls, all McLain's voters come through as they did four years ago, he just might win.

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of many persons prominent in party politics and finance, and he has promised to name them as the campaign progresses. Unruh, no doubt realizing that his open endorsement would do Salinger more harm than good, has declared himself neutral. He has offered some advice, however, stating that Salinger's chances depend upon his ability "to associate himself with the Kennedy image." Judging from the first statewide poll, Salinger is doing pretty well. He was the leading choice of Democrats, with Engle second and Cranston third. The Cranston people, refusing to panic, pointed out that their campaign is built largely around organizational strength not readily apparent in random surveys, and pointed out too that the first poll was taken shortly after Salinger's entry into the race when he was the subject of heavy front-page publicity over his right to run.

Brown could decide the election, winning it for Cranston if he goes all out or tipping the balance to Salinger if he wavers. Brown is notoriously subject to abrupt change, to put it more politely than many Californians would, and there are many in the Cranston camp who wait apprehensively, bravely proclaiming their faith in the governor but secretly worrying about his ability to stand firm until election day. So far, Brown has the look of a determined man, urging Democrats to back Cranston, releasing a key staff member to work in the Cranston campaign, and calling humorous attention to the residence problem by remarking, when Salinger called on him at the State Capitol, "I'm always glad to welcome a visitor to California."

Brown, however, knows that this is no laughing matter: the Senate race will either finish the job that was begun in 1960 and destroy him as the state leader of his own party or else restore him to the pinnacle of state power, with Unruh taking orders instead of making all the big decisions. Of course, Brown also realizes that he is the one who will be expected to carry California for President Johnson next fall, a task for which he would be severely handicapped by a bitterly divided party. In short, the man who took the measure of Knowland and Nixon has another tough one on his hands.

California Republicans: Are the Birchers Taking Over?

JIM WOOD

San Francisco

Hiding behind a campaign for Barry Goldwater, members of the John Birch Society quietly scurried about California earlier this year, entering hopeless contests for Congress and the legislature. To puzzled Republican regulars who bothered to ask, the Birchers explained that Goldwater's candidacy offered a chance to clarify their conservative position. It made little difference, they said, whether they won against entrenched Democratic incumbents: the object was education.

By the time the Birchers tipped their hand, the responsible Republicans had learned a shattering political lesson: Birch Society members were aiming at nothing less than stealing control of the California Republican Party.

The society's maneuver involved the four key Republican organizations in California: (1) the state central committee, which is the official governing body of the party, responsible under the state election code for the Republican campaign; (2) the California Young Republicans, representing the state in the national group of Republicans under thirty-seven; (3) the California Republican Assembly, a 14,500-member club outside the party structure, which speaks officially only for its own members; and (4) the California delegation to the Republican national convention, to be chosen from either a Goldwater or Rockefeller slate in the June 2 primary.

As the nominating campaign begins in California, Birchers and their ultraconservative allies control the Young Republicans and the Republican Assembly, dominate the Goldwater slate for the national convention, and are in position to take over the state central committee. Should they succeed, the California members of the John Birch Society, numbering less than six thousand, will have executed one of the political coups of the century.

Alarmed Republicans are fighting back. National Committeeman Joseph Martin, Jr., has resigned to devote his time to fighting the society, and among county committeemen the word is: "No more Birchers."

Nobody Invited Them

The Birchers mounted their surprise threat against the state central committee by exploiting California's rigid election code. Each Republican nominee for state office, the legislature, or Congress automatically becomes a member of the committee and has the power to appoint three additional members (five if he is an incumbent). Thus each nominated Republican candidate controls a minimum of four central committee selections. This power of appointment gave the Birchers their weapon.

In many California districts where Democratic incumbents are conceded to be all but unbeatable, Republican candidates are hard to come by—after all, nobody enjoys losing. This year, however, startled Republicans found that in each district race there was at least one entrant, a member of the John Birch Society. Republican regulars realized to their dismay that in many districts a Bircher either was unopposed or clearly the most qualified candidate. And each of these potential Birch nominees meant four more society members on the state central committee.

The Birch attack on the Republican Assembly was more direct but no less effective. A small, scattered organization with no more official status than any independent band of Republicans, the Assembly proved vulnerable to clique control. The Birchers simply joined up and began working hard at the meetings. Soon they had attracted other conservatives into a bloc that was described in these terms by the Assembly's harassed outgoing president, William Nelligan of San Francisco, at the March convention in Fresno:

"Fanatics of the Birch variety

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have fastened their fangs on the Republican Party's flank and are hanging on like grim death. . . . Nobody invited these oddballs into our ranks. They muscled their way in. They stink up the place. I recommend that the California Republican Assembly do everything it can to peel off these parasites."

But Nelligan's plea was in vain. Shouting delegates set the tone of the convention on the opening day by overruling the credentials committee and seating Goldwater supporters. The shouting and the bandwagon tactics kept up until the Rockefeller delegates filed out in disgust. The Birchites' diligence in between-convention Assembly chores had paid off in a publicity bonanza for Goldwater.

Birchite diligence was apparent too on the local county-committee level. Committee chairman, who represent the party in each county, found in many cases that the active Republicans who had been performing the irksome burdens of day-to-day party machinery were Birchers. Two years ago, such participation hadn't seemed important ("I wish we had ten more like her," one chairman said of a devoted Birch worker), but now the issue was drawn: who would control the local party organization? Once a fringe group regarded as a collection of cranks, the Birchers had become serious contenders for party dominance.

THE METAMORPHOSIS had taken less than two years. In 1962 all three avowed Birch candidates for Congress had been flatly turned down by California voters. Joseph C. Shell, a wealthy Southern California oilman running for governor, lost in the primaries by some 628,000 votes, and the 1962 election in California was regarded by wish-fulfilling political analysts as a repudiation of the Right. But Republicans and Democrats alike had overlooked the 653,116 hard-Shell conservatives who turned down Nixon in the primaries to vote a straight Birchite line. In the general election, Republican regulars muttered that the Birchers seemed to be dragging their feet ("They just won't work for Dick"), and Democratic Governor Pat Brown won by 300,000 votes. The Republican state chairman, Caspar Weinberger, blamed the ultraconservatives for not helping the party's candidate more, but did nothing about disciplining them. Instead he made an almost touching appeal for unity, a theme he is still repeating: "I think Nixon was let down by certain members of the Republican Party; by this I mean the Shell people. This is the principal reason he lost. The Republican Party is doomed unless we do bury our differences."

Weinberger and other Republican leaders, including Senator Thomas Kuchel, who has thus far stayed out of the state party fight, soon learned the Birchers were wasting no time looking backward. The defeated Birchite Representative John H. Rousselot became a district governor of the society and soon was winning conservative converts on a score of Western campuses. Rousselot is imperturbable in handling hecklers. One night in Berkeley, for instance, he was confronted by a young man in beatnik beard and battle jacket, who called out: "Mr. Rousselot, could you tell me the difference between the John Birch Society and the Nazi Party?" The query evoked a jumble of student laughter and boos, but when the house quieted down, Rousselot answered: "I'm very glad you asked that question; I'd be happy to tell you. Let's see what Nazi means: it means National Socialist. Socialism, that's what we're against. Now others, they're for socialism and . . ."

The crowd cheered, the meeting went on, and afterward a few more students were led into the conservative camp. By pitching their arguments to idealist terms of freedom and by making social occasions of conservative meetings, the far Right under Birch leadership soon built up strong cadres of aggressive ultraconservatives, waiting for a chance to translate their beliefs into action.

The Dawn's Early Light

Such an opportunity came at the state and national conventions of the Young Republicans. Robert A. Gaston, a Los Angeles lawyer and Rousselot protégé, was elected state president in February 1963, and his followers played a prominent part in the rowdy national meeting in San Francisco the following June, a convention so boisterous that "The Star-Spangled Banner" had to be played to restore order. The Young Republicans pushed through a resolution condemning the international Communist conspiracy, then hooted down a qualifier opposing "groups that would use this danger to subvert from within our fundamental liberties." The rider had been interpreted as critical of the John Birch Society. After thirteen conventions, the Young Republicans' organization had become embarrassing to party elders and a potential liability to Republican candidates everywhere. Despite unity appeals by their idol Goldwater, by Governor Mark Hatfield of Oregon, and by former U.S. Senator William Knowland, the Young Republicans let it be known that they stood for only one brand of Republicanism: ultraconservatism, the trade name for Birchers.

The 1964 California Young Republican convention gave the state Republican regulars an insight into what lay ahead, though no effective action resulted. "I was shocked to see acknowledged Birchers leading Young Republicans in refusing to pledge their support to any Republican candidate but the one they approved," said Martin, in announcing his resignation from the party's national committee. "The compelling reason for my decision is a sincere desire to prevent the Republican Party in California from becoming a mere branch of the John Birch Society. I know that after a Goldwater victory, Senator Knowland and those like him, who are the true Republican conservatives, will be swept aside. The extremists will control the entire party mechanism as completely as they now control the California Young Republicans."

Martin said the convention's action "convinced me that the time had come for moderates to stand up and be counted. I am therefore going to support Governor Rockefeller." His announcement made Rockefeller a rallying point for anti-Goldwater California Republicans. But Goldwater supporters, both Bircher and non-Bircher, reacted violently to Martin's statement, denying that their members had "become dangerous overnight" and pointing out with accuracy that the Goldwater backers were the same people who regularly had been attending Repub-

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lican meetings and doing the party's chores for years.

The Birch Society itself made no announcement concerning Martin's charges, but in an interview, Hugh Fine, an officer of the organization, dismissed the alarm over Birch candidates as unwarranted. He said the Birch members were interested in politics and that their office-seeking reflected the normal response of "highly informed" citizens. He admitted that Birch members already were on the state central committee and in county organizations, but passed off Birch election work as the natural activity of any politically oriented club. "They are just honestly interested in trying to change the pattern of the past twenty or thirty years," he said.

A Doctor in the House?

The platform for such change was enunciated by a society section leader, Dr. John A. Richardson, who is challenging Representative John F. Baldwin, a capable liberal Republican from California's 14th Congressional district in Contra Costa County, across the Bay from San Francisco. Richardson opposes the administration's civil-rights bill, which, he says, deprives the American people of the right of fair trial, free speech, and the right to sell their homes to whomever they please. He claims it would also deprive union members of their seniority rights. Richardson also condemns "too much centralization" and the income tax, which is "robbing the American people who are becoming slaves to support foreign totalitarian governments." He urges that the United States government get out of the United Nations and out of private business, and stop "total disarmament."

Richardson's campaign is considered hopeless. Baldwin has served five terms in Congress, winning consistently in a Democratic area, and combines a liberal voting record with assiduous cultivation of the folks back home. But Richardson's initiative induced two other Birch members to file for easy nominations that will give the society eight votes on the Republican state central committee. Multiply this pattern by eighty assembly districts or forty senatorial districts, and Birchite dominance of the 866-member committee becomes a distinct possibility. Just how successful this attempt will be no one can say until after the June primaries. Already it is too late for the Republicans to enter alternatives to unopposed Birchers. Because the society will not say and the Republican regulars do not know, it cannot be determined how many Birch candidates are running. Martin, after assessing what he calls the widespread Birchite strength, was concerned enough to quit the national committee to fight the society. Other Republican professionals say they are not sure just who the Birchers are but that a survey is under way to determine how far the ultra Right raid has progressed.

The June primaries will tell the story. If Goldwater wins and the swarms of Birchers who back him succeed in their campaigns for nomination, the California Republican Party and its eighty-six delegates to the national convention could easily fall to the Birchers. If this should happen, according to Martin, "the voice of the party will be the voice of the Birchers and Minutemen."

Kenya Discovers The Perils of Uhuru

CLAIRE STERLING

Nairobi

At midnight last December 11, before a glittering audience of notables, the Union Jack that had flown here since 1895 was lowered in darkness, and the national flag of Kenya rose in a blaze of light. After a thirteen-year conflict, one of the longest and bitterest of its kind in our time, Britain's prize African colony was independent.

Some curious loyalties were formed in those thirteen years. Although President Jomo Kenyatta had spent eight of them as a prisoner of the British, it was he who ordered the lights out during the *uhuru* (independence) ceremonies to spare British settlers the ordeal of watching their flag go down; and where these settlers had once thought of Kenyatta as the devil incarnate, they now see him as a rock of wisdom and strength. There is gallantry on both sides, and a will to work together: *harambee,* Kenyatta calls it.

Yet there isn't a black or white leader in the country who can manage, or afford, to forget the past. The spirit of *harambee* is unfamiliar and in many ways unnatural, a political artifice to meet the changing times. But the spirit that drove the first Mau Mau terrorists into the forest in 1950 is old. Nothing has extinguished it so far; not the long, relentless siege of the British Army, or the capture of the most intrepid Mau Mau leaders one by one, or the surrender of their legendary hero, Kimbathi, or even *uhuru* itself. Although the last of the Mau Mau generals came out of the forest for Independence Day, they are already drifting back into it. What they wanted, still want, and will always want is to see the backs of the last white settlers in Kenya, and to recover the land that has made the settlers rich.

Most British colonists understood this from the start. That is why the fight against colonial rule, though it began earlier here than elsewhere, has ended so much later. Installed for half a century on the great White Highlands in the Rift Valley—nearly eight million acres of the most fertile land in Africa—the seventy thousand European settlers in Kenya had much more to fear from African independence than their compatriots in Tanganyika or Uganda or Nigeria, where the climate and an impenetrable terrain had made large-scale European settlement impractical. They held out, therefore, until resistance was no longer politically possible; and if they have finally given in with good grace, it is largely because of their hope that

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Kenyatta will somehow save the day for them.

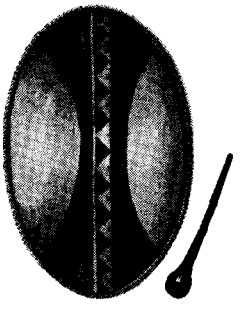
He would like to. Kenyatta is no Uncle Tom; he has spent the better part of a lifetime resisting white domination and has been exceptionally good at it. But his African countrymen, too, have more to fear from the now traditional consequences of independence than do their fellow Africans in Tanganyika or Uganda or Nigeria. None of these countries has anything comparable to the elaborate modern structure that has been created here. Kenya's schools, hospitals, roads, communications, public utilities, civil service, and magnificent farms were certainly not developed with the black man's welfare uppermost in mind. Nevertheless, with this head start, Kenyatta has a chance of eventually giving his people a fairly high standard of living. To do that—and even to maintain present standards in the meantime—he must induce the Africans to compromise their principles, tolerate the intolerable, and provide the guarantees that will keep the British settlers, with their indispensable skills and capital and export earnings, here for at least another ten years. If they leave, he will have it all to do over again, and he hasn't the time.

At seventy-four, Kenyatta can count on only a few years at most to stave off his country's disintegration—to repair the damage done during its prolonged struggle for independence, keep the lavish promises he made over all those years, cure Kenya of its terrible tribal antagonisms, give a restless younger generation fresh purpose, and groom a successsor.

In the Forests

In some ways, the violence prevailing since 1950 has done much less harm than might have been expected. There is no physical devastation here as in Algeria, which had seven years of authentic military warfare followed by an abrupt and deliberately brutal exodus of practically the whole European population. In Kenya, hostilities were limited to hit-and-run Mau Mau raids mounted from the forested Aberdare Range, and relatively few Europeans abandoned the country during the "emergency" or later. Those who did, though, took along whatever capital they could, deserting six hundred of the four thousand larger farm units in the Rift Valley; and those who stayed behind made every effort to cut their potential losses. As soon as they were sure of what was coming, retrenchment set in throughout the White Highlands. Investments were cut to the bone; crops were switched from those needing much hand labor (most of the big export earners, such as tea and coffee) to barley and wheat; farmhands were laid off by the thousands; and the economy gradually stagnated.

By the time independence came last December, Kenya's once healthy growth rate had dwindled to almost nothing; the treasury was nearly empty; eighty thousand discharged farmhands were squatting on the white settlers' land, refusing to budge; and about four hundred thousand Africans in all—well over



half of all the country's wage earners, rural and urban—were unemployed.

Inevitably, the preponderant number among them are the dynamic and diligent Kikuyu whose labor has been invaluable on the big British plantations and whose own desperate land hunger has been the driving force behind the Mau Mau. By rights, the Kikuyu ought to be the most prosperous of the six major tribes in Kenya. Intelligent, ambitious, devoted to work with a kind of Calvinist austerity, these million and a half tribesmen, a sixth of the national population, have all the prerequisites for well-being except land. The irony is that Kenya has plenty of land, far more than the British settlers have taken, more than the Africans themselves can use. The Masai tribesmen alone, who number less than a hundred thousand, control five million acres, huge tracts of which are wonderfully fertile. But while the Masai exploit only a fraction of their land (and badly, at that), they refuse to share it; the same is true in all six tribal regions of Kenya. Whether fertile or arid, practically all of the country's acres are jealously guarded by the elders of whatever tribe may own them.

As it happens, the Kikuyu own proportionately less than any of the others; and most of those who were in the Aberdare Range during the "emergency"—from ten thousand to twenty thousand—have ended up owning none at all. With the whole Kikuyu tribe confined to camps at the height of the Mau Mau troubles, the British took advantage of the situation to straighten out the crazy quilt of Kikuyu landownership, assigning proper-sized family plots, or *shambas,* with untransferable titles. The results of this land consolidation were highly profitable for those who got in on it: average family incomes shot up by five hundred per cent. Without enough land to go around, however, many Kikuyu in the reserves and practically all the Mau Mau in the forest got nothing.

It was because they expected Kenyatta to give them the land they thought they had won that the remaining two thousand Kikuyu forest fighters came out for the *uhuru* ceremonies, bearing personal invitation cards from the president. But Kenyatta had very little to offer. Under the terms of his agreement with Britain, only a million acres in the Rift Valley could be bought back from British settlers within the first four years of independence; and even that land had to be allocated to tribesmen native to the region. Though a great many Kikuyu had worked in the Rift Valley for years, their ancestral home was in the crowded Central Region, to the south. The government has been able to come up with just enough extra land there to provide meager subsistence plots for ten thousand Kikuyu families. The reaction was only to be expected. In the capital at Nairobi, in Nyeri, the strategic center for both sides during the fighting, in a dozen points throughout the Rift Valley, the mysterious vows to steal and kill have been taken again; the shell-like bead headdresses once worn by the Mau Mau have reappeared; livestock thefts,

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food raids, and floggings are spreading through the countryside; at least twenty-seven former Mau Mau bases are known to have been reactivated in the Aberdares; and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Kikuyu are returning to the forest where they have already spent half their lives, under the banner of a new secret society called the Weeping Kamau.

The Kikuyu are not the only ones to be stung by discontent. Nairobi is full of ragged, homeless Africans of every tribe who often must go without food for two or three days. Menacing bands of Youth Wingers, some in uniform, roam the capital's streets, picket the headquarters of Kenyatta's KANU Party, and invade private offices, embassies, and ministries demanding jobs or handouts. Then there are the squatters. Impervious to pleas or threats from landowners, the army, the police, and Kenyatta himself, these thirty thousand destitute Africans simply sit where they are or, if forcibly removed, walk back to where they were. These unhappy families, many with eight or ten children apiece, are a tragic human problem and, for those trying to make a go of *harambee,* a disheartening one. Pilfering what they can, poisoning livestock, damaging crops, inciting other workers to strikes and slowdowns, they are making it nearly impossible to farm at all. Reluctantly but in growing numbers, even the British settlers who had been determined to stay on in Kenya are now deciding to go.

After the Mutiny

They have been reinforced in this decision by events in mid-January, when a chain of mutinies broke out all over East Africa. The outbreak in Kenya, which took place sixty miles from Nairobi (and practically in the back yard of the British army base still maintained here), was much less alarming than Tanganyika's, and Kenyatta was a lot more resolute in handling his than Tanganyika's President Nyerere was. Where Nyerere, with his life and government in immediate danger, had hesitated a full week before requesting British troops, Kenyatta, in no such danger, didn't hesitate a minute. Nor would he stand for any nonsense from the mutineers themselves. There would be no treating for higher wages or promotions with treasonable soldiers, he said, and the ringleaders would be summarily court-martialed. Yet the fact remained that, five weeks after independence, an army that had never rebelled against its British colonial commanders had rebelled against its own black government and Africa's most venerated anti-colonial leader. It was a stunning blow to Kenyatta's authority and prestige.

Some say that this final blow has been too much for him. "The sad conviction here," the London *Times* correspondent observed, ". . . is that

Mr. Kenyatta has basically lost control of Kenya." He has demonstrably lost the power to govern on the strength of his commanding personality alone. He had promised too much and produced too little; now he is making strenuous efforts to win back lost ground. Since the mutiny he has announced one ambitious plan after another: a self-help community development scheme to get schools, clinics, and roads built with a minimum cash outlay; the formation of a Youth Brigade to get young people off the streets and give them useful work; a crash program to absorb fifty thousand unemployed within the next few months. At the same time, he has sent his cabinet ministers on a tour of western capitals in search of $300 million—four times what Britain has already put up for the purpose—to buy or lease, reclaim, and resettle enough land to satisfy the Africans without driving away the bulk of the British settlers.

Assuming that his ministers can find the money—and so far they haven't come close—the resettlement plan could barely get started in less than five years; and while the employment program might help, it is not so much a solution as a confession of desperation. Under the agreement just signed, everybody who hires workers will take on more of them (ten per cent more for farmers and other private employers; fifteen per cent more for the government). And to compensate for higher labor costs, the trade unions have accepted a one-year wage freeze, while the government undertakes to get the remaining squatters off the settlers' land.

The trouble is that no one who signed the agreement is really in a position to enforce it. The Employers' Federation cannot impose the terms on its individual members, much less on nonmembers; the Trades Union Federation, representing only half the working force, has even less chance of doing so; and the government, unable to quell its own army mutiny without British help, obviously has no better prospects of removing the squatters now than it did a month or two ago. Realizing the gravity of the problem, everyone concerned will doubtless try to make the plan work. But even if it does work, it will mean jobs for only one out of every eight unemployed, not counting the eighty thousand youths who come into the labor market every year.

THIS doesn't mean that Kenya's position is hopeless. A great many new African states are in as bad a position or worse and manage somehow to keep from going under. But not many have such precarious tribal relations, such a long and recent history of violence, or an army of ten or twenty thousand veteran Mau Mau terrorists lurking in the background. If not for the saving pres-

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ence of Kenyatta, who happens to be a Kikuyu as well as an uncommonly able leader, the country might already be in a situation resembling the former Belgian Congo's.

Had he had things all his own way, Kenyatta might have managed to overcome at least part of Kenya's tribal difficulties by now. He wanted to make the struggle for independence a national one, knitting Kenya's hostile tribes together in the process. The idea of preserving these six tribal identities by establishing the six regions was not his but Britain's. Their formation under the new constitution has deprived the central government of several important powers, including the freedom to allocate whichever land it chooses to whomever it pleases. No doubt this has protected Kenyatta from the charge of tribal favoritism, since he probably would have given the Kikuyu more land if he could. But the bottling up of Kenya's largest and most energetic tribe has heightened their animosity toward the other tribes without reducing the other tribes' animosity toward them. Little as these five tribes love each other, they are at least united in their abiding fear, distrust, and suspicion of Kenyatta's kinsmen. Except for a small detribalized elite, every African here who is not a Kikuyu is a born enemy of the Kikuyu; and even the elite tend to backslide occasionally. The one man with sufficient strength to hold both sides in check is Kenyatta.

Anxious to keep the friction within reasonable political bounds, Kenyatta has been careful to distribute power fairly evenly in his cabinet between the Kikuyu and two tribes that are nearly as large and no less ambitious: the Luo, numbering almost a million, and the six hundred thousand vigorous Kamba. In a sense, he has done too well. His most powerful cabinet minister, and the leading contender for the succession, is a Luo with an outsized capacity for making trouble. Whatever might be said of him, Oginga Odinga, the Home Secretary, is almost certainly not a Communist. As far as anyone knows, he is simply an extremely shrewd politician who understands how useful a left-wing posture can be in Kenya and who has no scruples about accepting support from Communist quarters. Odinga is one of the richest Africans in the country—he has been taking money for years from Red China—and he has spent his money wisely. Not only does he have the whole Luo tribe solidly behind him, and a hard core of Luo disciples in the civil service, but he has made inroads among the restless urban youth who are becoming one of Kenyatta's worst problems.

The Chinese Traveler

Odinga did not preside physically over KANU's recent national Youth Conference, but his handiwork was evident in its final resolutions. Among a great many other things, the conference demanded wholesale nationalization of Kenya's industries, commercial firms, all the means of production, export and import companies, the press, radio, television, and land; and it insisted above all that the government should "take over all the estates and farms owned by white settlers and Asians without compensation," distributing the estates to peasants on a collective basis. What these youth were demanding, in effect, was not merely the expulsion of Kenya's remaining fifty-eight thousand European settlers —not to mention one hundred and seventy-four thousand Asian merchants and artisans—but a full-fledged socialist state. Kenya must have been well up on Chou En-lai's list when he remarked cheerfully, upon terminating his tour of the continent in February, "Revolutionary prospects are excellent throughout Africa."

The Red Chinese leader did not visit Kenya on this trip, his invitation having been withdrawn by Kenyatta after the January mutiny. It is possible, too, that Kenya stands lower on Chou's list than neighboring Tanganyika or Zanzibar, where his mission is already more or less accomplished. If Tanganyika is suffering more acutely from subversive exposure at the moment, however, Kenya's condition could be infinitely more critical in the long run.

The Boy Wonder Of Illinois Politics

HAL HIGDON

CHARLES HARTING PERCY has declared, with apparent sincerity, that he has no designs on the Presidency, that his only interest lies in gaining election as governor of Illinois, an office for which he has just received the Republican nomination after one of the state's bitterest primary campaigns. "Chuck" Percy has The Presence. Though somewhat short in political stature, the boy wonder of Bell & Howell is a handsome and articulate man of forty-four with a voice that crescendoes like the bass speaker of a stereo set. He is blessed with an attractive wife and five highly photogenic children ranging in age from eight to nineteen, the oldest being twins. At a time when the Republican Party seems to have run out of popular heroes, Percy boasts an almost Horatio Alger business career, having risen from a job in the mail room to become (at twenty-nine) president of the Bell & Howell Company. Percy calls his political philosophy "dynamic conservatism" and has already begun to attract an army of college types who perhaps see themselves as the Ted Sorensens of the future.

To some, of course, Percy seems almost too good to be true. As the Chicago *Tribune,* which opposed him in the primary, put it in one particularly bitter editorial: "Mr. Percy . . . affects an elaborate piety, like a figure in stained glass." A practicing Christian Scientist, Percy neither smokes nor drinks. Every morning on arising he swims several laps in the pool of his home in suburban Kenilworth, then repeats the process eighteen or twenty hours later before going to bed. His life is superbly organized and he utilizes even travel time between appointments to dictate letters and make calls on his car

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telephone. Often during the primary campaign he would speak simultaneously to one group in person and to another through a telephone loudspeaker device.

In opposition to this knight in shining armor, Percy's primary opponent, state treasurer William J. Scott, presented himself as the spokesman for the common man. "I want to prove that you don't have to be a millionaire to become governor," Scott snorted. Percy is, to be sure, a confessed millionaire. But in the best twentieth-century equivalent of the log-cabin tradition, his family also spent some time on relief during the depression, a fact that didn't leak out until after his campaign had begun.

"Why didn't you *tell* me you had been on relief?" one political ally demanded incredulously.

"You didn't ask me," Percy replied.

"You don't go around asking members of the Chicago Club if they've been on relief."

After that, Percy seldom failed to mention his former welfare status even while criticizing the welfare state. "There was a difference," Percy explained. "We were determined to do everything in our power to get back on our feet." His campaign literature carefully listed his residence as Kenilworth, not Chicago, since downstate Republicans have almost a phobia about Chicago and its mayor, Richard J. Daley. When speaking outside Cook County, Percy never failed to bring down the house when he said, "Illinois is the only state with a mayor for a governor."

Sans Peur et Sans Reproche

Percy entered the gubernatorial race last year faced with the apparent handicap of being better known nationally than in his home state. He had first attracted national attention by becoming the youthful president of Bell & Howell. Later he had testified before the House Ways and Means Committee in favor of free trade despite the apparent threat of Japanese imports to his camera business. President Eisenhower soon began to call on him for special assignments, including the chairmanship of the Republican Committee on Program and Progress in 1959 that drafted the party's future goals. He has been considered, in fact, Eisenhower's fair-haired boy, although apparently it was Nixon who chose him to head the all-important platform committee at the 1960 Republican national convention. With no contest for the Presidential nomination, the platform fight drew all the headlines. Although overshadowed by the two battling giants, Rockefeller and Nixon, Percy emerged with a reputation as a comer. It seemed only a matter of time before he would seek elective office.

Yet despite his national reputation and his fund-raising record ($4 million in four years as chairman of the United Republican Fund in Illinois), Percy's local political record consisted mostly of being a precinct cap-

tain in suburban Kenilworth, population three thousand. On the other hand, Charles F. Carpentier, the principal opponent it seemed that he would have to face in the Republican primary, had spent forty years in politics, the last twelve of them as secretary of state, a job in which you make many friends and very few enemies. To overcome his handicap as an unknown, Percy jumped into the Republican race for governor in July of 1963, months earlier than the professional politicians considered wise. The Percy family descended en masse on the Illinois county-fair circuit, traveling in a bus labeled the "Chuck-wagon." They soon became better known than the stunt drivers who crash cars on the fairground tracks.

Early polls gave Carpentier a four-to-one lead over Percy, but the young businessman seemed to be closing the gap. Then suddenly in January, the sixty-eight-year-old Carpentier suffered a heart attack and withdrew from the race. (Before he died, in April, Carpentier actually endorsed Percy.) "Luck," explained *Time* magazine after most of the Carpentier supporters fell all over themselves in a rush to climb aboard the Chuck-wagon, but there is no getting around the fact that in large measure Chuck Percy had made his own luck by fighting long and hard in a race most professionals had insisted he couldn't win.

IN ONE SENSE he had been running hard all his life. Born in Pensacola, Florida, on September 27, 1919, Charles H. Percy grew up on Chicago's North Side. At five he began selling magazines and within a few years was running the largest schoolboy magazine route in Chicago. While attending high school he stoked furnaces before school hours, worked in the registrar's office during school hours, delivered newspapers after school hours, and ushered at a local movie theatre every night and all day Saturday and Sunday. He had to work hard to help support his family, which in those depression days was on relief. Young Chuck eventually went on to the University of Chicago, where he became president of his fraternity, captained the water-polo team, and started a dormitory-supply business that was grossing $150,000 a year by the time of his graduation in 1941. President Robert Hutchins told Percy: "You're exactly the kind we're trying to keep out of this school." A dozen years later Percy was on the university's board of trustees.

Percy meanwhile had been working summers at Bell & Howell, the first year in the customer service department answering letters. Discovering that sixty questions accounted for ninety per cent of the mail, he wrote sixty perfect answers, numbered each one, and handed the code to a girl typist. At the end of the summer he suggested that his job be abolished. "This fellow isn't going very far," Percy's boss laughingly told the company's president, Joe McNabb. "He's just eliminated himself." The canny Scot merely nodded

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and began promoting Percy to a series of increasingly important positions. When McNabb died in 1949, Percy succeeded him. During the fourteen years of his leadership (he resigned as chief executive officer in 1963 to run for governor although he remains chairman of the board), Bell & Howell increased its number of employees from 1,700 to 10,000 and its business from $13 million to $160 million a year.

Oddly enough, this expansion at Bell & Howell later became an issue in the Republican primary race for governor. After Carpentier's eleventh-hour withdrawal, anti-Percy Republicans chose the state treasurer, William J. Scott, to oppose him. Percy had campaigned earlier on the need to bring more industry into the state. Percy promised that he would visit the heads of twelve corporations that should have plants in Illinois. Scott countered with the true but somewhat misleading statement that while Percy talked about bringing industry to Illinois, Bell & Howell had expanded out of state. Feeling himself secure in what was supposedly Goldwater country, Scott waved the flag for the Arizona senator. Percy raised the Goldwater flag too, but didn't wave it very hard. On election night in Percy headquarters, when the size of Margaret Chase Smith's vote was announced, Percy's campaign workers cheered loudly despite the fact that she had endorsed Scott.

'I'm Not Finished'

During the campaign Percy was condemned for not being a true conservative, though as one political observer remarked: "You have to be pretty far right when you start calling Chuck Percy a liberal." Several pamphlets did appear charging Percy with being soft on Communism because, among other things, he had once dined with Frol R. Kozlov. "I didn't exactly find Kozlov's name in the telephone directory," snapped Percy. "The State Department asked me and a group of other businessmen to have dinner with him."

Scott went down to defeat, by more than 200,000 votes, chanting that Percy desired only to use the governorship of Illinois as a stepping-stone to the Presidency. It is difficult to examine Percy's meteoric rise in business and politics without reading a rather extensive measure of ambition between the lines. Shortly after becoming president of Bell & Howell, Percy toured his plant at Christmas time and firmly shook hands with each startled employee to thank him for doing a good job. He continued this practice every year. Percy, who reportedly shook 250,000 hands in his primary campaign, admits that "It was an excellent apprenticeship for politics." His critics see his past activities as part of a carefully calculated design to lead him to the White House in 1968 or 1972.

Such speculation irritates Percy. "First," he has said, "I don't consider myself qualified to become President. Second, I spent twenty-five years at Bell & Howell resisting all job offers elsewhere, and I'm not about to run out on the people of Illinois after only four years."

Of course, he won't even have to resist the temptation unless he defeats Governor Otto Kerner in November. Kerner is also handsome and articulate and will try to pin much of the blame for his administration's troubles on Republicans in the legislature. But to most people Percy still looks like a comer.

THIS GIFTED AMATEUR has been surprising the professionals in Illinois for almost a year, campaigning on an eighteen- to twenty-hour-a-day schedule that only seems to exhilarate him. Billboards from Waukegan to East St. Louis herald Percy as the Dynamic Republican. Like everything in his past career, he has attacked the game of politics with a single-minded purpose—so much so that one night recently, according to a family anecdote, he sat up in his sleep and began to give, for perhaps the six thousandth time, his speech about bringing new industry to Illinois. "Chuck, lie down," his wife, Loraine, told him.

"Not yet," said Percy, groggy but still orating. "I'm not finished."

And indeed, he may not be.

The Jalopy Nomads

BARBARA CARTER

IT'S TOO BAD, in a way, that "pockets of poverty" has become such a useful phrase, for it suggests that poverty is confined to fixed spots—such as the city slums or tenant farms or distressed areas along the Appalachian chain. Poverty, however, is not a static thing. It wheels along the highways, too. The war on poverty, which generally is centered on local communities, overlooks the fact that thousands of newly uprooted people are circling our cities today in search of work. These are not migrant workers but a growing new class of nomads who have pulled up stakes and taken to the road. Some are in search of more than work, a new way of life perhaps. Some are simply in flight from reality. Their number is increasing, but scant attention has been paid to their shifting and erratic travel. We know far more about the migration routes of birds.

Near Chattanooga, for example, a tenant farmer, his wife, and three children have been traveling from

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place to place for several months, looking for odd jobs. At night, they usually sleep in roadside parks, with the father and the two boys stretching out on the wooden picnic tables so that the mother and daughter can have the car. They cook on roadside grills, and when they need to change or wash their clothes, they avail themselves of service-station rest rooms.

In Kansas City not long ago, a laid-off steelworker from West Mifflin, Pennsylvania, had to ask the police for help. With his wife and nine-year-old son, he was on his way back to Pennsylvania after a fruitless trek to San Francisco in search of work. For several nights the family had been living in their car parked a few blocks from the Kansas City post office, where the steelworker hoped an unemployment check would be forwarded to him. He had turned to the police for help because his wife, ill with a toothache and upset at discovering their son begging for a hamburger in a nearby café, had gone for a walk and not returned.

Again, coming up from Florida in summer clothes at the end of January, another couple in search of work, with three children in tow, spent the night in their car in Utica, New York, while a blizzard raged at ten degrees below zero. When help was offered to send them on to in-laws, they disappeared—there seemed to be some question whether they owned the car.

Some of the modern Okies are totally uninformed about the job possibilities before them. They are in trail of a rumor, or a will-o'-the-wisp. They think they may find work in Detroit, or Chicago, or maybe in San Francisco, only to find their chance for a job there no better than in the place they left, except for one difference: they are now "outsiders" and the surroundings are hostile.

Packing the family and its belongings in a jalopy is relatively easy. It's easier than planning a bus trip, for instance, where a ticket must be bought, a destination decided upon, and a certain sum of money set aside. Going by car encompasses a host of unforeseen complications. In a jalopy, distances are longer, accidents more likely, blowouts and breakdowns more frequent. (The steelworker mentioned above, for example, had gone through three used cars by the time he got to Kansas City.) Gas and repairs eat up money set aside for food. To keep moving, some are forced to sell what belongings they have along the way. Begging begins in a moment of crisis and little by little turns into a way of living. Welfare authorities, if involved at all, are able only to move the nomads on or send them back where they came from, with no follow-up to see if they arrive. Finally, dependent largely on the generosity of gas-station attendants. they move from handout to handout in an endless trip to nowhere. Children grow up in the back seats of cars and never see the inside of a schoolroom.

Who Are They?

The new Okies are made up of many groups. They are Southern tenant farmers who have been pushed off the land by mechanization; skilled and semi-skilled workers displaced by automation; families from distressed areas such as parts of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and the mountains of Kentucky; teen-age school dropouts hitchhiking across the country; abandoned young mothers with children looking for relatives to help them; occasional schizophrenics who have been released from hospitals under the new drug therapy—in short, any of various combinations of the unemployed,

the unskilled, and the unwanted. Many of them are Negro, and many are illiterate.

No one really knows how many there are. The National Travelers Aid Association has come across "hundreds of thousands" in recent years, even though the organization's facilities are, for the most part, located in airports and bus and train stations, not on the highways, and even though it has few bureaus, except in California, west of the Rockies, where an unprecedented migration is taking place. As its director, Mrs. Savilla Millis Simons, points out, "We are just touching the surface." Since more than ninety per cent of all travel in the United States is now on the highways, it is not surprising to discover that Travelers Aid is presently revising its programs and conducting an educational campaign to meet the current needs of a nation on wheels. It is trying to get the support of gas stations and oil companies to direct people to its services.

Scattered statistics from its various bureaus show the striking change in the organization's case work within the last decade: from Oklahoma City, a five hundred per cent increase in cases involving employment problems, a 213 per cent increase in migrant cases; from Jacksonville, Florida, eighty per cent of the case load is uprooted people from the highway seeking work; from Chattanooga a similar pattern, though ninety per cent of them are married men with families; from Los Angeles, the case load in a ten-day period up forty per cent over the year before, the proportion of families up 144 per cent; and from the director of the Travelers Aid bureau in Texarkana, Arkansas, this description: "As we view the travel here on five major highways, it seems that much . . . represents erosion of resources, possessions, self-assurance, and even the ability to plan. Some of our callers seem all but hypnotized by the . . . endless road and mirages of plenty; gasoline seems the most important thing in the world and the day's goal, rather than work."

There has been almost no research into the problem, but in the one survey made, by the National Study Service, of the small triangular area connecting Albany, Schenectady, and Troy, New York, it was discovered that far more strangers than expected were turning from the highways to the communities for help—some 2,300 a month, in fact. (Spot checks made near Pittsburgh and Charleston, West Virginia, revealed a similar pattern.) Most of the people were turning to gas-station attendants for help, and these new philanthropists, along with the clergy to whom the second largest number turned, were found to be giving an estimated $40,000 a year in handouts to strangers in this small area alone. Comparatively few turned to public

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or voluntary social agencies, and only four per cent to Travelers Aid. About a third were homeless and without destination. Some had apparently been circling around in a three-hundred-mile area.

Lost in a Chaos of Laws

Compared to the slum dwellers, say, or the tenant farmers who cling to the land, the uprooted poor are doubly in jeopardy, for their tattered odyssey can render them stateless as well as homeless. Without legal residence, they are without claim for public aid. Voluntary agencies concern themselves for the most part only with the problems of residents, feeling that this gives them more than enough to do. While city missions will provide a few nights' shelter for the homeless, the emphasis is to get them to move on. The Salvation Army also provides shelter and occasionally case work, but Travelers Aid is the only organization dealing solely with people on the move.

Only two states, Connecticut and Hawaii, have no residence requirements for either Federal aid (under the Social Security Act) or local aid. More than forty states, however, require the maximum allowed of one year's residence to qualify for Federal aid to dependent children, and many avail themselves of the five years' maximum allowed for the three other categories of Federal aid —to the aged, to the blind, and to the totally disabled. In most states, then, the new arrivals must seek local rather than Federal aid, and this varies widely in a chaotic criss-cross of laws. Though local aid can be given for emergencies, it all depends on the availability of funds, the willingness of the states to reimburse the localities, and the disposition of county commissioners. Usually, it is formally stipulated that local aid to nonresidents can be given only to return them where they came from. Rarely is any provision made to help them settle down.

The results of such strictures are often grotesque. Not only are nonresidents denied assistance but frequently newcomers who have been able to find work are set on the road again.

One widow with two children, for instance, had moved to a Northern state and had found a job for herself and after-school work for her elder son. Shortly afterward, one of her children became ill, and she applied to public welfare for temporary assistance: she had to stay home to tend her child. The welfare department obliged by promptly returning the family South. Or take the case of the unsuccessful tenant farmer who had obtained a job in an oil field 1,200 miles from his home. Once established, he sent for his wife and their nine children. Six months after they arrived, his wife needed an operation which he could not afford. The county commissioner, to whom he turned for help, gave him $40 and sent him back to his former state, even though he no longer had a home there or a job.

No Residence Anywhere

Not only can residence requirements deprive newcomers of the jobs they have, but the wide variance in local practice frequently creates painful complications. One father of a small family had been receiving public assistance because he was disabled. When he had to move South upon medical advice, the home state, with generous foresight, continued his assistance for one year until he could qualify for aid as a resident of the new state. Thereupon, authorities in the new state, who had a different concept of the term "disabled," decided the man was capable of work and thus ineligible for aid. When he proved unable to find a job, the authorities gave him $25 to return to his former state. There, however, he had lost the status of a resident. Consequently, the home state no longer showed its former concern. It gave him and his family $5 and a tankful of gas to move on.

Residence can be as easy to lose as it is hard to gain. In two states, local assistance can be denied after six months' absence, while in others it takes five years' residence to qualify. Even so, the laws fail to protect the community from an "influx of outsiders." States with high residence requirements but attractive to newcomers, such as California, Florida, and Arizona, still have the high immigration rates that motivated the enactment of those requirements, while other states with few or no requirements have comparatively few newcomers on their relief rolls. Do the lawmakers suppose that migrants in search of work spend time poring over the various states' residence requirements?

The laws accomplish little beyond permitting the states to dodge responsibility for newcomers. Instead, they often boomerang. One painful example is provided by the gaunt, coughing old man who was found in a bus station. X-rays confirmed the suspicion that he had active tuberculosis. Though hospitalization was recommended immediately, public facilities were closed to nonresidents. Welfare funds could be given only to return him to his place of residence, and he had no legal residence anywhere. What did he do? After a few days' rest in a flophouse he found a job as a short-order cook.

The states' residence requirements stem from the English Poor Law of 1601, when feudal estates were breaking up and vagrancy loomed as a problem to be dealt with harshly. The British, of course, have long since modified their laws and now help uprooted people to settle down. A number of our states, on the contrary, prefer to remain strikingly Elizabethan. In Vermont, to take what may be an extreme example, if a nonresident asks the same township's overseer of the poor for help more than once during the year, he may be fined or clapped in jail or both.

EXCEPT FOR the efforts of Travelers Aid, what is being done to help these people? Attempts in Congress to lower residence requirements for Federal aid have died in committee. Suggestions that the Federal government step in with aid where the states fail to act have fallen flat. Nothing has been done, unless one counts the forthcoming contribution of the AFL-CIO, which will present two mobile units this month to Travelers Aid so as to enable it, as part of a new pilot program, to get onto the highways where the trouble lies. Even the war on poverty offers little hope, for as President Johnson said, "This program . . . [is] based on the fact that local citizens best understand their own problems, and know best how to deal with those problems."

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The God Who Eats Corn

RICHARD MURPHY

The poet, recently returned from a visit to Southern Rhodesia, offers the following biographical information about the protagonist of his work: "Sir William Murphy (my father) was born in 1887, the son of a clergyman in the West of Ireland. A classical scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, he passed into the Ceylon civil service, in which he spent more than thirty years before going to Bermuda as colonial secretary, then to the Bahamas as governor in 1945, when he succeeded the Duke of Windsor. He retired in 1949 and with his wife, his youngest son and daughter, and his books, went to Central Africa to pioneer on virgin land, which they turned into a tobacco and maize farm. The farm now provides a primary school for 250 African pupils from the surrounding districts who would not otherwise receive an education. Sir William was recalled from retirement to act as governor-general of the Central African Federation, which came to an end in an atmosphere of ominous gloom last December 31. He is noted among both races as a liberal and a supporter of African advance, to which he has contributed in a practical way on his farm, where white paternalism is perhaps to be seen at its best."

The Matabele called the first white settlers in Central Africa "the gods who eat corn."

IN his loyal garden, like Horace's farm,
He asks his visitors to plant a tree.
The black shadow of the African msasa[1]
Squats among the lawn's colonial company.

In honour among the watersprays that spin
Rainbows over the cool English rose-beds
Hand-weeded by a pink-soled piccanin
The Queen Mother's cypress nods in a straw hood.

The trees are labelled: a chairman of mines
Gave this copper beech, that silver oak
Was trowelled by a Governor: great names
Written on tags, Llewellin and Tredgold.

Livingstone's heir presented this wild fig
From the burnt-out forest of Africa:
On its branches by moonlight a boomslang[2] swings.
This Cape creeper has a cold blue flower.

As a son I choose the native candelabra:
Perched on an ant-hill, after years of drought,
From its cut spines a milky sap flows:
To my father I give this tree as a tribute.

His own plane-tree, brought by a seed from Cos,
From the shade where Hippocrates swore his oath,
Wilts in the voodoo climate, while the gums
The trekkers imported have sapped the earth.

Under these trees, he believes that indaba[3]
Could heal the blood-feud. Bull-frogs crackle
In the lily-pond. Tolerant water
Eases the roots, and cools the racial fever.

FROM his green study half-door he looks out
On the young plantation of his old age:
An ibis is perched on a cone hut,
The rain-birds croak in the citrus orchard.

Boys are sharpening pangas at the wood-pile:
Trailers approach, filling barns from the field
With limp tobacco to be dried by steam.
A Union Jack droops on the school flag-pole.

1. One of the commonest deciduous trees, and one of the most beautiful, on the high veld in Rhodesia.

2. The Tree Snake of South Africa.

3. Disputes between individuals in the Bantu tribes were heard by the Chief with his Elders under a large tree. This conference, consultation, council or court was called in Zulu *in-daba*.

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On the kitchen steps, in kaffir quarters,
With rickety babies, the sewing-club meets,
Nagged by my mother with knitting patterns
Frail as a lily in her straw sun-hat.

Such tinkle of bangles, such ivory teeth
Clacking, they gossip of clothes and clinics.
A child rolls a pram-wheel over the earth,
A cat is stalking the cooped-up chickens.

He drives to the store to collect his *Times*
And letters from home, tulip-trees in flower,
Road-grit on his tongue, tobacco booms
A memory, hot wind raising a dust-choked roar.

He swims before breakfast in a blue pool
Remembering Atlantic waves, a gothic half-light
Splashed on to hymn-books in a pitch-pine hall
Where his father preached. He prays at night.

At the carol service in the grading-shed
He reads the lesson, joining trade with truth.
My knees remember his coconut mats,
The mesh of our duty to improve the earth.

"TO DO some good for this poor Africa"
Was Livingstone's prayer, but not the Founder's dream.
Towards gold and diamonds, the Pioneer Column[4]
Trekked at the bidding of a childless millionaire.

They came with ox-wagons, claiming a treaty,
To the king's kraal, his great indaba tree,
With charming letters from Queen Victoria:
There the chameleon swallowed the black fly.[5]

In dusty dorps they slept with slave-girls,
On farms they divided the royal herd.
In stifling mine-shafts the disarmed warriors
Were flogged to work, their grazing-grounds wired.

So now at white homesteads, the coffee steams
On creepered verandahs. Racial partners
Do not mix in wedlock sons and daughters.
The white man rides: the black man is his horse.

Brown bare feet slide softly over the tiles
Soothing the master, scrubbing his bath,
Folding his towels, timidly with smiles
Smoothing his pillow, and wincing at his wrath.

To each black, his ten acres for millet,
To each white, his three thousand of grass:
The gospel of peace preached from the pulpit,
From the hungry fields the gospel of force.

Sick of being fathered by a benevolent god
Who wants them to work, but to live apart,
Sick of being raved at for ingratitude,
Inspired by a demagogue, the Bantu revolt.

IN a paradise for white gods he grows old
Cutting rafters out of the felled wood,
Baking bricks from the clay of ant-hills:
He plants the first rose on the burnt sandveld.

Thirteen years ago his books were unpacked
In the path of mambas, where nomads' fires
Lit stone-age sketches on the walls of caves
And the sand was printed by lion spoor.

His Governor's helmet stowed in a teak chest,
He called back Homer after fifty years'
Damp decay in the West of Ireland:
He retired into the sunlight on a thousand acres.

Trapped from tribes in their idle forest
Negroes gathered to work for meal and poll-tax,
Their teeming women overcrawled by bony kids,
Calling him "Baas," grinning, hungry, diseased.

They wove wicker-and-mud hovels to sleep in.
Tractors invaded the elephant road.
A bore-hole was sunk. Cicadas at his fly-screen
Halted and shrilled. The kudu retreated.

He fed corn to his gang and cured fever.
Cigarettes sold in a London shop
Kept people stooped on his kopje alive.
Each year he felled more trees to plant a crop.

Between the auction floors and seed-bed sowing
First in a thatched hut he began a school.
The market rose and fell, drought followed flooding,
When the leaves ripened there were showers of hail.

Daily at dawn, they clang the plough-disc gong
That winds a chain of men through vleis and veld.
No boss-boy drives them with a sjambok's thong.
At dusk they come to class-rooms to be schooled.

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4. The first group of white settlers from the Cape who in 1890, financed by Cecil Rhodes, occupied Mashonaland, to found the colony which they eventually named after their leader.

5. Lobengula, King of the Matabele, who looked to Queen Victoria for protection from her own empire-builders, described himself as a black fly swallowed by the white chameleon.

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Children are chanting hymns, their lean bodies
Tropically sensual behind puritan desks,
From mealie plot and swamps of tsetse flies
Lured by the witchcraft of the god's mechanics.

A red-hot poker flowers in the playground,
A viper sleeps on the sand. The dry slate
Under the sweating palm is rubbed and scrawled,
They wait like logs, ready for fire and wind.

TALL in his garden, shaded and brick-walled,
He upholds the manners of a lost empire.
Time has confused dead honour with dead guilt
But lets a sunbird sip at a gold creeper.

His scholar's head, disguised in a bush hat,
Spectacled eyes that watch the weaver's nest
Woven, have helped a high dam to be built
Where once the Zambesi was worshipped and wasted.

Sometimes he dreams of a rogue elephant
That smashed the discharged rifle in his hand:
Or reading, remembers the horns of buffalo,
The leopards he shipped to the Dublin zoo.

On the game-cleared plateau the settlers say
"This is our home: this is white man's country."
Dust-storms gather to hide their traces
Under boulders balanced in a smouldering sky.

The shout for "Boy!" from the dinner table
Long after their exodus will be recalled:
The black male hanged for a white woman's rape,
For loving a Negro, the fair girl gaoled.

The mission's wafer, the witchdoctor's goat,
The scoutmaster's pride in his multiracial troop,
The tobacco leaf, the whisky and soda
In the black man's bush-fire will all burn up.

Violence of love deprived of communion
Begins to bud like trees before the rains.
The safari is over: the earth needs planting.
But the planters are hunting each other's skins.

Behind the msasa the Southern Cross hangs
And tom-toms hammer and the tree drum booms
And a white nun screams in petrol-bomb flames:
Silence in the shanty waiting for machine-guns.

THEY say, when the god goes, the rain falls,
Contour ridges burst, sweeping off crops,
The rafters crumble, trees shoot through floors,
And wind carves the fields into smooth dust-heaps.

The concrete cracks and the brown rivers bleed,
Cattle die of rinderpest, dogs with rabies
Bite their masters, the half-freed slaves are freed
But not into a garden that anyone remembers.

Now the old mopani forest is felled.
The settlers cannot cling to their laagers,
Wire for a gun-boat, profit in gold-shares,
Or wave silk flags against showers of assegais.

The trees that fail are soon devoured by ants.
Sundowners bind together a white crowd:
Some preach of partners, more sneer at the Munts
Getting cheeky, lazier than ever. He's bored.

While he recalls the *Iliad* by heart
The B.S.A. police hold rifle drill.
A pyre kindles under *Pax Britannica.*
Black politicians school themselves in gaol.

At the needlework booth in the garden fête
My mother flaps for the show to succeed.
Calabash, tripod and bamboo flute
Wait for the dancers at the smoke-filled hut.

At dusk on the stoep he greets ambassadors
From Kenya and Ceylon. The silver trays
Are lit by candles cupped in the flower borders.
Husks hang on his dry indaba trees.

Last thing at night he checks the rain-gauge
Remembering his father on a rectory lawn.
Thunder is pent in the drums of the compound.
He feels too old to love the rising moon.

In a twitter of tree-frogs, he smells water
Trickling where baboons mate in virgin bush.
Mosquitoes hatch and the vultures roost there.
A tom-tom rains as he falls asleep.

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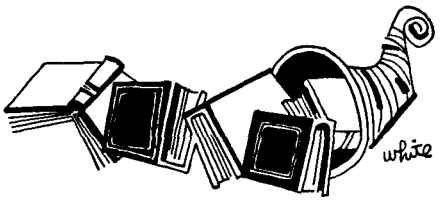
BOOKS



Building a Monument

GEORGE STEINER

THE SPIRE, by William Golding. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.*

The word *"œuvre"* is hard to translate. It means more than the actual count of a writer's work. It implies a logic of unfolding, of gradually revealed design. In an *œuvre,* different genres—fiction, poetry, critical essays—take on a personal unity. The achievement argues as a whole, its sum greater and more coherent than any of the parts. The outward statement of an *œuvre* is that characteristic French and German enterprise, the complete edition in a row of uniform volumes. The contrast with American habits is sharp. Even our classics go ungathered (there is, as yet, no complete edition of Herman Melville). It was in the explicit image of European custom that Henry James built his own sepulchre of print, the great New York Edition in its plum-colored solemnity.

There is here more than a difference of editorial form. The American writer, particularly during the past few decades, has found it difficult to achieve continuity, to make individual acts of invention part of a natural growth and completion. Faulkner is the sovereign exception, and his particular tactics of cunning and patience point up the failure of many of his contemporaries. The history of the writer who produces a stunning first novel, whose second book is either a nervous pastiche of his own success or a botched fling at something new, and whose later work moves erratically between quality and routine, is almost an American cliché. Much of the best of recent American fiction has been won or lost at a roulette of talent; it is not built.

Some of the reasons look obvious. The financial rewards, the critical adulation, the personal celebrity that can be harvested by a very successful first novel are such as to place the writer in a vulnerable position. If his next work fails or defies the format the critics have prepared for it, judgment turns with a vengeance (Mailer, James Jones, Styron). Under present American conditions, it is not easy for a writer to win that small body of readers, devoted but critical, who will become a sustaining, patient echo to the deepening of his own craft. Silence and room for experiment are hard come by.

IN ENGLAND, circumstances are grayer but they allow breathing space. A book earns far less, even if it is very well received. By American terms, advances against the next are derisively small (many a successful English novelist counts himself lucky if his publisher offers £250). Criticism is more wary, less prone to hosannas. Universities or creative-writing conferences do not pounce on the living writer with their paralyzing scrutiny. It is still possible for a good publisher to nurse an author through a series of novels that sell only moderately, and keep them in print. Thus may be established an invaluable core of readers who have discovered the work for themselves and who will gradually assert its stature (witness the subterranean growth to fame of the *œuvre* of John Cowper Powys or Charles Williams). Above all, English life fosters privacies, a narrow quiet and modesty of material existence, such as encourage a writer's slow development of his own voice and purpose. Hence the striking number of contemporary English novelists who genuinely have "work in progress," in whose writing there is a vital architecture: Anthony Powell, Iris Murdoch, Ivy Compton-Burnett, Evelyn Waugh, C. P. Snow, Lawrence Durrell, Muriel Spark. One may not like what they are doing, but their individual books carry the sense of a whole.

This has been supremely true of William Golding. His manner of life illustrates the case. He did not publish fiction until he was forty-three. His professional career has been that of a schoolmaster in Salisbury. He has lived in the West Country, away from the literary froth and journalism of London. Despite his fame, Golding's earnings remained modest until recently; his independence is probably based on American lecture fees rather than on English royalties. His style of life and his schoolmastering have allowed (and compelled) him to work slowly. *Lord of the Flies* was published in 1954; *The Inheritors* followed in 1955, but had been written and rewritten earlier. *Pincher Martin,* a very short book, appeared in 1956; *Free Fall* in 1959. Golding's new novel has been impatiently awaited. Despite the publisher's excitement over successive versions, Golding held back and reworked. *The Spire* has been nearly five years in the making. It too is part of an unfolding shape, of a vision in progress.

At present, Golding's place is even higher in America than it is in England. He has replaced Camus and Salinger as the idol of the college bookstore. *Lord of the Flies* has been a password among the young. Theses are starting to grind the living flesh to fine, dead powder. He has touched a particular American nerve.

This is no accident. He represents, nearly too neatly, the classic contrast between the American tradition of the novel as romance, as dark fable and philosophic allegory, and the English norm of social fiction. The natural precedents to *Lord of the Flies* and *Pincher Martin* are the tales of Hawthorne and *Billy Budd.* (This is true even though the plot of *Lord of the Flies* has its source in an English boys' adventure story, and owes something to *A High Wind in Jamaica.*) Golding's peculiar conjunction of moral allegory

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and sensuous detail, the fantasy, solitude, and violence of his outlook touch at many points on the art of Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville. To find anything like it in the English tradition, one would look to the "outsiders"—to the Brontës, to Stevenson, to John Cowper and T. F. Powys.

Consciously or not, Golding has chosen themes and settings remote from the conventions of the contemporary English novel. Only *Free Fall*, with its possible echoes of Joyce Cary, is located on home ground and amid the props of habitual society (and even here the controlling device is one of violence and extreme situation). *The Inheritors* is set in pre-history, *The Spire* in the Middle Ages. Obvious strands relate the island of *Lord of the Flies* and Pincher Martin's rock fang to a mainland of class, society, and current crisis, but they run through strange, isolating seas.

Golding's novels turn on three major themes or obsessions: barbarism, solitude, and will. One can watch how Golding initiates and explores a motif from book to book, how he mines it from different directions of imagination until he has made it his own. Thus *The Inheritors* and *Lord of the Flies* form a close pair, whereas *Pincher Martin*—sea-girt as is the island fable—maps the study in confinement and solitude carried out in *Free Fall*. By its very title, *Free Fall* proclaims the metaphors of height and vertigo, of free will and imperiled grace, which define the theme of *The Spire*.

THERE ARE close interrelations. The fabric of human sanity and rational custom is persistently gnawed by savagery or the break of will. A statement from *The Golden Bough* could stand in epigraph: "We seem to move on a thin crust which may at any moment be rent by the subterranean forces slumbering below. From time to time a hollow murmur underground or a sudden spirt of flame into the air tells of what is going on beneath our feet." And clearly, Frazer's evidence of how much of ritual terror and magic has survived in the modern psyches matters to Golding. But the counterstrokes of civilization are ambiguous. The "humane barbarism" of the aboriginals in *The Inheritors* is supplanted by a more rational, efficient savagery. The frenzied pack in *Lord of the Flies* (with its barbed parody of Rousseau's dream of child and noble savage) is reclaimed to order and civilization by an instrument of modern war, by a ferocity more disciplined but ultimately more damned than that of the boys—a point made more insistent in the film than in the book.

Solitude is also two-edged. There is no easy escape from the contagion of the group. Alone on a sliver of rock or in the black broom-closet of *Free Fall* (like Poe, Golding is a master of suffocation and solitary confinement), the human character splinters into raw fragments of fear and hysterical egotism. Together we cry havoc; alone we rend our own flesh. The hazard of grace lies in enormous labors of will: by making of the soul a pure blaze of will, we claw to the top of the rock, we defy the jeering totem of evil, we burst out of the closet. But the price is mortal poise; at uttermost stretch, will makes dizzy and we plummet.

That is the plot of *The Spire* (rumor has it that the title was induced by the decorum of Golding's English publisher, in place of the more graphic *The Erection*). Jocelin, Dean of the Cathedral Church of Our Lady at Salisbury, is possessed, to the point of near madness, by the vision of a stone arrow, four hundred feet high, in eternal flight to God's heaven. To stonemason and fellow priest, to the Cathedral chapter and the outside world, Jocelin's vision is blasphemous folly. No such spire can be built; the foundations are crumbling beneath its crazy weight; the base pillars of the church sing and bend in intolerable strain; the rising fabric of stone and wood moves sickeningly in the autumn gales.

Jocelin sacrifices every duty, every discrimination, to the shrill fixity of his dream. The money he uses to build is tainted with mockery and corruption. In the stricken nave, open to rubble and the rise of stinking water, the candles go out and the choirs fall silent. There is lechery and murder among the workers (they scurry about like the wolf pack in *Lord of the Flies*). Thrust out of the stripped loins of the church, the steeple infects all who pass under its shadow. But Jocelin lashes himself into a frenzy of will. An angel stands at his back in mysterious affirmation. Is he God's messenger, or Jocelin's will kindled to incarnate flame? The Dean forces himself up the spire in a final lust of soul; he hammers in the crowning nail. Then, in a gesture which is both supreme abasement and a probing of God's purpose, Jocelin drives a spike deep into the southeast pillar. Even as the spire should come crashing down, he himself falls to the stone floor, his body scorched with a fatal burning.

The fable has a rigorous simplicity. Minor characters exist only as they pass in and out of the wild light of Jocelin's obsession. The huddled roofs and the river, the downs and the distant beat of the sea, are viewed solely from the angle of the spire. The wheel of the sky and seasons pivots on the mounting structure of pinnacle and octagon. Every page of the novel bears the stress of mutinous stone.

THE WRITING shows all of Golding's characteristic devices: the very short sentences with their effect of arrested speed; the knit of abstract noun and concrete verb; the omission of the article to give a curious, archaic intensity. The dialogue, as nearly always in Golding, jerks abruptly between normal communication and inward speech. The language is formidably tactile. Even light is made solid to the skin:

"Everywhere, fine dust gave these rods and trunks of light the importance of a dimension. He blinked at them again, seeing, near at hand, how the individual grains of dust turned over each other, or bounced all together, like mayfly in a breath of wind. He saw how further away they drifted cloudily, coiled, or hung in a moment of pause, becoming, in the most distant rods and trunks, nothing but colour, honey-colour slashed across the body of the cathedral."

Clearly, this is a book of great beauty and distinction of style. But it is not, I think, a good novel. The fierce excitement which is its theme grows static and rhetorical. We *know* from the first page on that the spire will be built and that Jocelin

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shall perish in the charring of his will. The very glitter of the language becomes monotonous. I found myself skipping ahead, hoping for some twist of life or modulation of tone. One has the impression of one of those Indian *ragas,* subtle, formal, beautifully played and controlled, but getting nowhere.

The essential design, and many of the details, moreover, are heavily dated. The novel or drama of obsession, of insane singularity of will and purpose, is a nineteenth-century genre: Ahab, Balzac's *La Recherche de l'Absolu,* Zola's *L'Oeuvre.* A maniac craftsman trafficking with darkness to achieve a perfect object is a stock theme in Hawthorne. The mad will and the mystic church, the tower and vertigo, take us back to Ibsen's *Brand* and *The Master Builder.* The mute stonecarver who acts as guardian of Jocelin's conscience has the unexamined pathos of his forebear in *Nôtre-Dame de Paris*—a link with Victor Hugo which looks relevant also to *Han d'Islande* and *Pincher Martin.*

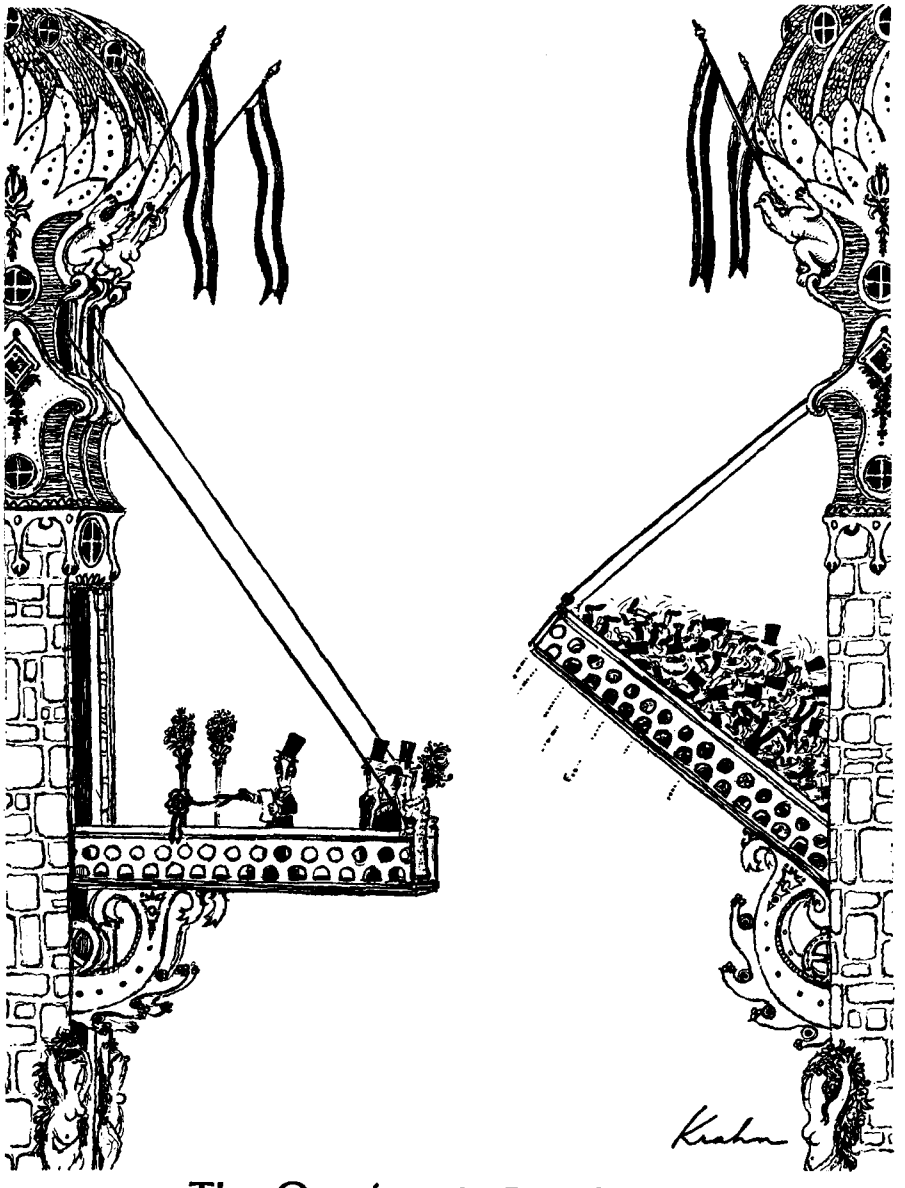
The allegory creaks with labored clichés. The spire is the mast of a storm-battered ship. It is a phallus. It ends, in the instant of Jocelin's death, by being the apple tree of man's knowledge and "free fall." Sexual temptation has red hair. Most of the figures are as graphic and flat as playing cards.

That is becoming the main problem of Golding's art. Allegory generates a surface strength. But it goes hollow unless there is behind it a genuinely complex argument and reading of experience. Golding's allegoric fiction renders an incisive but increasingly narrow view of human possibility. Notably, it excludes a full treatment of the relations between men and women. The only woman who has ever come alive for me in Golding is Taffy, and all we see of her in *Free Fall* is a few glimpses. Here again, Golding's novels fit the pattern of tense masculinity that prevails in Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville.

IN GOLDING'S choice of a medieval setting, in the stark naïveté of his tale, there may be an element of withdrawal, of a refusal to enmesh his creative gift with issues more perplexed and contemporaneous. But final simplicity, as in Kafka, works best where it is paradox; where a deep originality and richness of meaning is implicit. As Jocelin crawls down from the reeling summit, the query that nags is—so what?

I say this with diffidence. When dealing with someone of Golding's stature and integrity of purpose, judgment is provisional. I have been rereading *Free Fall* and the purgatorial intimations in *Pincher Martin.* Obviously, some kind of quest is being pursued, and the next novel may give weight to what seems facile and rhetorical in the passion of Dean Jocelin. This is precisely where the notion of an *œuvre* intervenes. Golding's novels modify each other in mutual response. We are in midcourse, and it would take rashness to assert that one had unraveled the mastering design.

My worry is, simply, that we are heading toward a religiosity, a positive mystique, far less interesting and personal than Golding's great powers as an artist. The light beckons, and its present absence or tormenting shimmer is finely rendered, but it may turn out to be no more than a High Church candle. This would account for Golding's prestige on the American campus. Like Camus and Salinger, though in an entirely different vocabulary, he seems to embody and dignify a nervous appetite for revelation. A great novelist, a shaper of new feelings and discomforts, has better to do.



The Opening by Fernando Krahn

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The Medicine Of the Angels

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

A LONG MADNESS, by Antonio Barolini. Translated from the Italian by Helen Barolini. *Pantheon. $4.95.*

The Veneto, with all its eighteenth-century frivolity, its Goldonian and Vivaldian persiflage, has always had a deep underlying tradition of religious fervor. Antonio Barolini spins out his thoughtful family chronicle in the region around Vicenza, an area more likely to bring the cool balance of Palladian architecture to mind than the effects of religious frenzy.

Although the author has resided in the United States for more than ten years (he is American correspondent for one of the most important Italian papers, *La Stampa* of Turin), his novel belongs entirely to the genre of those who "look back," as he puts it, through the "purging perspective of time and distance." Working on this side of the Atlantic, Barolini has a poignancy derived from that peculiar Italian binding attachment to memories of family, of youth, of the scenes of one's boyhood. One of the virtues of his book is that it enables Americans to burrow down below into subtourist Italy, below the superb monuments and guidebook stars, and get a glimpse into the tragedy so often hidden within the *"famiglia."*

SLOWLY SPUN, meditative, sequential, his tale achieves its effects by the traditional means of the older forms of the novel, a patient and chronological retracing of stages in a life, in this case three lives: Maria-Assunta, who progresses (or regresses) from a pale, bloodless girl to a white-haired old fanatic clutching possessively at her son; Pietro, a ruttish landowner who marries Maria-Assunta but blandly continues his lifelong relationship with one of his lusty farm women; and Giovanni, the son, dedicated to sainthood by the mother but deflected to worldliness by the blood of his dead father.

Despite his upbringing by monks and a steady diet of Masses and admonitions, Giovanni escapes from the cloying web of his mother's sanctimonious hysteria. At last Giovanni finds himself in love with the daughter of his father's mistress, and the impact of this news shatters the last redoubts of Maria-Assunta's crumbling reason. The cosmic and biological cycle goes on, Barolini is saying; the seasons change, the social order changes, but God and the world will always struggle, the flesh and the spirit will always be at odds, and overindulgence in piety may produce a loss of balance that slowly, almost imperceptibly, leads to madness. It is a madness that goes on, *una lunga pazzia,* generation after generation, a long madness that seems almost woven into the nature of things.

NOT that Barolini has written a thesis novel: he is too subtle for that. And if the drama in his book is muted for the most part, occasional sharp scenes burst forth from the Mediterranean surface of analyzing and psychologizing: Pietro's wedding night as he practically rapes his bride while she wails "Maria, Maria!" and he yells: "You married me—it's my right!"; Giovanni's boyhood education in the monastery; the mistress beating up the wife (a high-decibel episode in the Anna Magnani manner); the weird stages of Maria-Assunta's growing madness —her conversations through a grille with the abbess of a closed order of nuns, her necromantic witchcraft assisted by a dim-witted servant, her attempts to bind young Giovanni in a possessive net of nightly ministrations of "the medicine of the angels," the cloying love and strength-sapping fanaticism with which this mother surrounds her son in a persistent adoration flickering with that kind of baroque unreal light we see in El Greco's "Adoration"—all these scenes Barolini carries off very well indeed. One of the quiet triumphs of the book is the vigor with which Barolini sketches in his secondary characters—a worldly friend of the boy who introduces him to sex and art; the abbess; and a wise priest, amidst all those counseling beads and candles, confessions and communions, who stresses the spirit rather than the letter.

But why, one asks, does all this

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Interaction

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IN SEARCH OF WEALTH AND POWER
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patient plantlike unfolding of lives occur as it were abstractly? Wrapped in the pale cast of thought, the drama is always being conceptualized away into a mist. Instead of seeing the actions unfold before our eyes, we are told what has happened and how the author sees it. This is regrettable because this author can play notes of true anguish. He can lead Americans into an Italy they rarely come to know, an Italy that is irreparably provincial, timeless, and filled with shadows.

Overlord: A Mosaic

ROBERT P. KNAPP, Jr.

BATTLE AT BEST, by S. L. A. Marshall. *Morrow. $5.*

Toward the end of this book, S. L. A. Marshall repeats an observation of the *Saturday Review* shortly after the Second World War: the war had after all been futile because it had produced no novel of the stature of *All Quiet on the Western Front.* General Marshall, it seems, had always felt the opposite to be true. To him the First World War had been fought in vain because the critics had acclaimed *All Quiet* as realism. The comment tells much about the combat historian's personal code that has enabled Marshall, more than any other writer, to give a new dimension and a new perspective to the chronicling of warfare. This code sets a standard for his appraisal of the "realistic" writings of other authors.

Battle at Best is a collection of his accounts covering two wars and spanning the earth from the European Theater to the ice-bound crags of Korea. He asks what "realism" is, and answers pointedly that it is not, as in Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead,* the story of men "hard-boiled, nasty and alien . . . because . . . [they are] like men of another world." But perhaps it is not Mailer or Remarque who is at fault ultimately. The author of *Battle at Best* says: "For years I had known that

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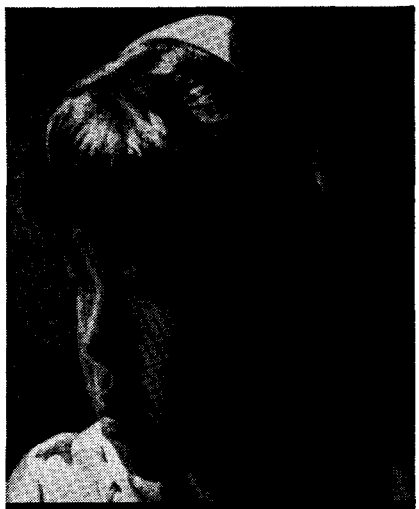
critical appreciation of the literature of men in war and my own feeling about it had almost nothing in common." To Marshall war is "a matter-of-fact business," and that is how he writes about it. When we consider combat as he portrays it and as it is described by so many war novelists, we ask if the basic fault does not lie with the book reviewers. The term "critic" asserts knowledge and experience from which judgments can be validly formed, but too often it seems that those who most enthusiastically hail a war novel's "realism" have little or none of the appropriate background.

One does not encounter Marshall's soldier in the pages of fiction. He is neither brutalized nor romanticized. At the outset the author frankly states that he would not consider it a compliment to be called an objective reporter. What he describes is largely told in the words of the countless men he has interviewed. Marshall's achievement lies in showing that war is "a matter-of-fact business, requiring the rejection of every unnecessary risk and the facing of danger along the path of duty." The traditional military hero was a David or a Roland. Since the First World War, the soldier-hero of fiction has been a young man who, whether he survived or not, has had his life and character changed by the twin necessities of killing and survival. Official and academic military historians have perforce directed their attention to the broad picture of military operations, singling out some individuals in critical incidents for close study but leaving the troops for characterization only en masse. What S. L. A. Marshall writes about is rarely to be found in legend, traditional history, or fiction. His soldiers are not protagonists who inferentially represent all who fight in a war or battle. Marshall fills the gap between the impersonality of history and the overpersonality of fiction. He writes not of representative heroes but of all the soldiers in their own terms. He records deeds of heroism and acts of cowardice, and the far more common combat situation of inexplicable inactivity and misdirected overactivity. Speaking of the Omaha beachhead, he defines the neglected area of detail that his writing fills: "The worst-fated companies were overlooked, the more wretched personal experiences were toned down, and disproportionate attention was paid to the little element of courageous success in a situation that was largely characterized by tragic failure."

For General Marshall, the story of Omaha Beach is not in the general staff concept of the landing operation's final success, nor is it in the dreadful statistics of death and mutilation. It is boat after boat being blown apart or foundering short of the landing line, men being shot dead as they make ready to jump from their craft, those who plunge forward being dragged down by their too-heavy equipment to drown in too-deep water. It is the story, brief and final, of those who find a bottom to stand upon being killed as they take their first step forward. It is death and confusion, fear and courage, spelled out name by name, man by man. From the author's account we cannot reconstruct a map showing the successive advances and halts of the companies he follows at Omaha, but that would be largely irrelevant to his purpose. We do not reconstruct. We *see* the fire-swept strand, and we see what those soldiers saw that June morning—death in the sea, death on the beach, and no place of refuge. And amid the dying, we see the survivors who somehow make their way up the cliffs to carry the attack to the German defenders.

But the very nature of General Marshall's purpose and method makes it both pointless and impossible to summarize or fully characterize his book. His thesis is that combat is the mosaic of actions of thousands of individuals. The fact is so obvious that it hardly seems necessary to state, but until S. L. A. Marshall set his hand to the task, there were no comparable studies. Although he disclaims objectivity, no method could come closer to it than his. Whatever we may wish, we are still at war twenty years after D-Day at Omaha Beach, and in war as in any other aspect of public affairs we shall always need the unclouded observation and the clear analysis of reporters like S. L. A. Marshall.



The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Unable to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 101

by HENRY ALLEN

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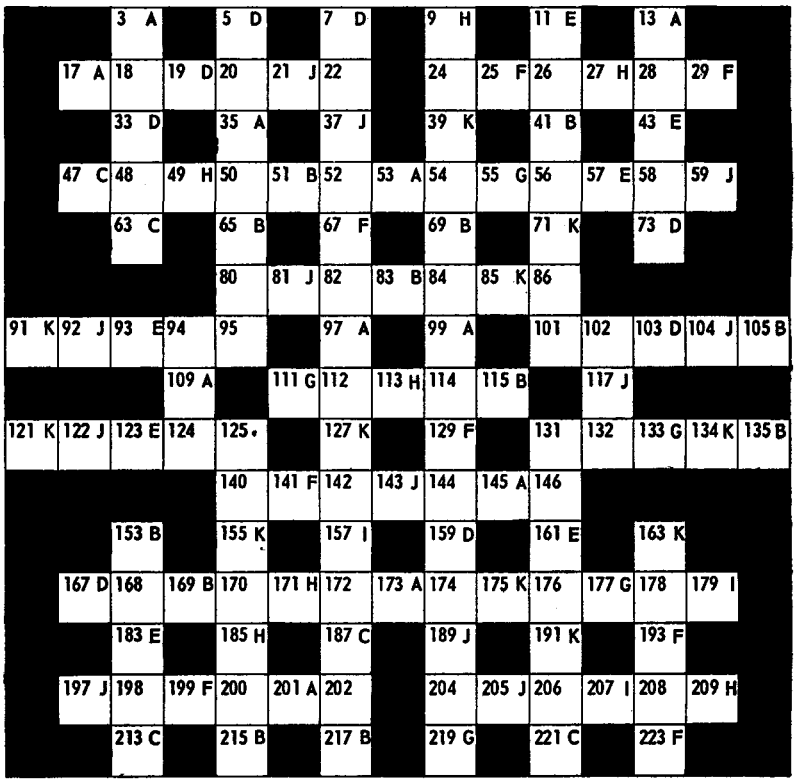
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 3 53 201 109 97 35 99 13 145 173 17 Large unit output in the paper factory (4,4,3).

B 65 215 105 217 51 69 115 135 169 83 153 41 One of T.S. Eliot's most famous poems (3,9).

C 63 47 187 213 221 "Wipers" to Tommy.

D 19 7 159 73 103 167 33 5 Coming by way of increase or advantage.

E 11 123 93 161 43 183 57 What not to do with your partner's ace (5,2).

F 25 141 193 199 67 129 223 29 Each man may be said to live in his this (3,5).

G 55 219 111 133 177 First part of the name of the murderer in "Tom Sawyer."

H 27 49 113 185 171 209 9 Author of "The Light That Failed."

I 157 179 207 "The signal-____,that looks on Ilsley downs. Matthew Arnold, "Thyrsis."

J 205 143 189 104 122 21 37 81 59 92 197 117 American diplomat, father-in-law of Lindbergh. (6,6).

K 39 127 91 155 175 163 121 85 71 191 134 The lift or heave of the sea in polar region (6,5).

ACROSS

17. No tear may be close (4,2).
25. Gazed at the card game at first.
47. The Acrostician is this of 111 across (5,8).
80. Lead in manners.
91. Unfinished and impolite finally.
101. A hollow moaning of hogs for us.
111. See 47 across.
121. A bush or something may be a plant.
131. When is the El due? Don't let it get away.
140. Clumsy but on guard finally.
167. See lust in action? No! See, I hear, of things of public organization.
197. Indian tribe of which we are the center.
204. One who is proverbially out, the peculiar fellow (3,3).

DOWN

3. Fowl on a railroad for famous short-story writer.
5. Facial expression of a stern card?
7. Chicken war or European Economic Community disturbance (6,6,3).
9. Granulation clad in the process of hormone production (9,6).
11. Societies of pugs and chihuahuas or outfits for kids? (3,4).
13. Naaman, for example, a peer in fifty.
94. Not Hud, but Roderick!
102. A wise old bird in a fellow lodge.
125. Tea tables may lead to wars.
131. A demon with shillings and pence is this novelist.
153. Find the sea in the seed.
163. A cut for a clan.

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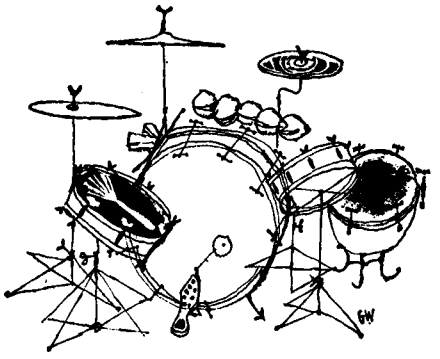


The Durable Duke

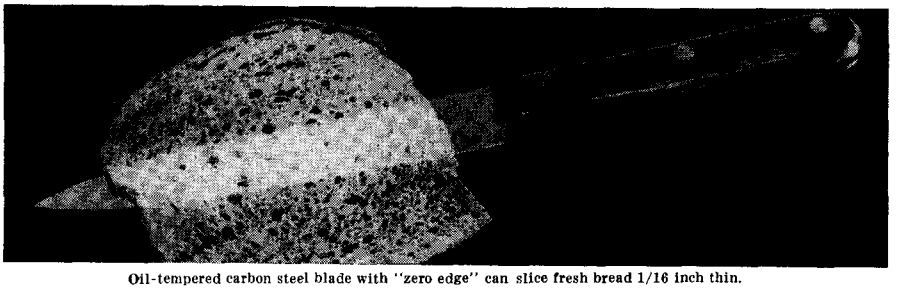
NAT HENTOFF

"Jazz is finished," Stan Kenton recently told a U.C.L.A. class on popular music. The band leader, once evangelistic and now road-weary, prophesied: "Jazz stars will simply not rise as they have in the past. We have seen our last Ellington."

Kenton's thesis is that the demise of jazz is a result of its absorption by American music in general. Although Kenton would seem to be correct in his prediction that the days of the widely popular jazz "star" are drawing to a close, avant-garde jazz, which has never been more lively and unpredictable, is scarcely finished. But the new jazz is also increasingly complex, with hardly any trace of the music's former capacity to attract dancers and casual night-club visitors as well as its minority of serious listeners.

As jazz becomes "art" music, we are indeed likely to have seen our last Ellington—a man who has always been able to function smoothly both in the world of the mass public and among the cognoscenti. The credo of the more realistic of today's young jazzmen was stated by the pianist-composer Cecil Taylor: "I certainly will never become a commercial success, so I don't have to worry about it."

At sixty-five, Duke Ellington himself appears unworried about the end of his jazz as popular music. Although there are now less than six full-time big jazz bands in this coun-



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try, Ellington has no lack of bookings: he tours here frequently, he recently completed his second European journey in two years, he traveled through the Middle East and India for the State Department last fall, and he is due in Japan in June. Ellington continues to record frequently and remains active as a composer.

Forty years of experience go into making his programs appealing to a wide audience. "I learned a long time ago that there are very few places where most of your listeners want only the so-called pure jazz," he told me recently. "If I were to play just for the guys in the band and the hippies, I often wouldn't get invited back. After all, those people who aren't so hip have paid their money and they like to feel part of what's going on. So I give them a sizable amount of the old and the familiar." He also exacerbates the critics by giving the populace lengthy drum solos, mediocre but energetic singers, and his own calculated charm.

Yet, in between the concessions to the not-so-hip are the compositions and performances that make Ellington the most respected single figure in jazz and a pervasive influence on today's jazz avant-garde. The new generation of jazzmen scorn showmanship and will make concessions to no one, but they keep listening to and learning from Ellington. When the band is at its best, there is no orchestra in jazz remotely close to its range of colors and moods and impact.

By contrast with the impermanence of many of the newer jazz groups, Ellington's selective commercialism permits him to keep his expensive band employed steadily. The majority of Ellington's sidemen have been with him for a long time, some of them for decades. "I *know* them," Duke emphasizes. "And since I can afford to keep on knowing them as well as I do, I can fit the music to each man's strength and to each man's personality. In the process, what I create for them becomes part of my own style."

Significantly, when musicians do leave the Duke, their playing invariably sounds as if they had left something vital behind. More consistently than any other leader in jazz

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history, Ellington has been able to fuse strongly individualistic jazzmen into a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts. Yolande Bavan, a Ceylonese jazz singer now working in America, focused on this skill in trying to explain why Ellington's reed section is incomparable: "How can I describe? When you go through the jungle, you see all these plants. They're all so distinct—and yet together so much."

ANOTHER REASON Ellington has had no compunction about popularizing sections of his programs is that the financial returns made possible thereby have always allowed him to hear his own music as quickly as he writes it. It is not uncommon for him to hand his men a manuscript on the evening of the day it's completed, whether the band is at a dance or a concert. Most of the younger jazz composers have to wait for a recording date to hear how their new pieces actually sound, especially when they have written for a large group. Ellington cannot understand jazz critics who advise him to reduce his orchestra work in order to have more time for composing. "If you were to get off the road," one of them proposed to Ellington a couple of years ago, "the pressure would be off. Your royalties already give you a comfortable income."

"But," Ellington replied impatiently, "I'd have to wait to hear what I'd done. That's no life. If you have the right kind of temperament, traveling can get to you like whiskey and cigarettes. Getting into a car or train is like being released. You know there'll be no business problems to talk about while you're moving. Sure, sometimes we're all so beat that it shows in the music. But that's the joy in living. If you don't have off days, you can't appreciate the good days. And there are always surprises. I've seen my musicians stumble off the bus to make a date without enough sleep, and then play better than they have in months."

"In a way," said a trumpeter who was with Ellington for ten years, "being part of show business while also being a serious jazz composer has helped keep Duke fresh. Aside from the money, which lets him keep the band going, being in demand has enabled him to stay in direct touch with all kinds of people."

Ellington agrees. "One of the reasons I look forward to those one-nighters is that I get to hear all sorts of reactions from different kinds of audiences—dance, concert, café, college kids, and members of the Elks and Moose. You get this actual contact when you play a phrase and somebody sighs. It's then you *know* you've made contact. And that contact becomes part of your experience and gets into your music. I guess you could call what I write a continuing autobiography. My music talks about the new people I keep meeting, the places I've seen and the places I've seen change. Fortunately, I can write anywhere—in the car or in a hotel room—so I get it down as it comes to me. Later, I put those pieces together and work something out."

Ellington's music, like his life, is always fluid. The pieces of paper never become a permanently set composition. First of all, at rehearsals and at recording sessions, Ellington is continually editing his scores as well as listening to—and often incorporating—suggestions from men in the band. And once a number is in the orchestra's book it goes on changing—as men leave and new musicians arrive, as solo parts are switched, and as Ellington thinks of improvements. "That's why," a saxophonist in the band said, "you have to be awake here. There are times when nothing is ever set—if he's in that kind of mood. For some tunes, there are several arrangements. You never know which one he's going to call."

THE CONSTANT ATTEMPT to keep in balance between reaching as wide a public as possible and also creating additional "pure" Ellington material has not been without some damaging side effects. For all his unwillingness to freeze a piece of music, Ellington does go through periods of acute conservatism when his programs become much too familiar and predictable. Then the sidemen grumble about the narrowness of the repertory. "We've got pieces we've never played yet," a trumpeter once complained to me at the Monterey Jazz Festival, "and he gives them *more* medleys of his old

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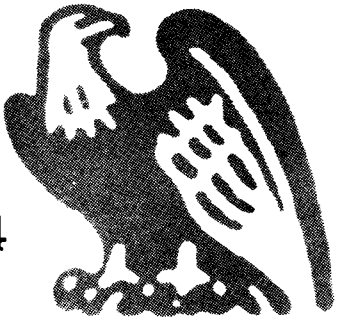

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standards. When we go through this kind of run, I feel like I've been automated."

In addition, the desire to have an immediately and widely assimilable popular success sometimes infects Ellington's work with sentimentality (as in much of his new long composition, *My People,* Contact, stereo CS-1, mono CM-1) or superficiality (as in his just released *The Symphonic Ellington,* Reprise, stereo RS-6097, mono R-6097). On the whole, however, Ellington's current production as composer, leader, and pianist continues to be both substantial and startlingly youthful. Among the more recent releases that attest to Ellington's still viable wit, sensuality, and capacity to surprise himself midway in his seventh decade are *Piano in the Foreground,* Columbia stereo CS-8829, mono CL-2029; *Money Jungle,* United Artists stereo 15017, mono 14017; and *Afro-Bossa,* Reprise stereo RS-6069, mono R-6069. The first two are trio albums, and the third includes the full band.

As for the cumulative Ellington record, some of the scope of his achievement can be heard in such available reissues as *In a Mellotone,* Victor LPM 1364; *At His Very Best,* Victor LPM 1715; and *The Ellington Era, Volume 1,* Columbia LP, C3L-27 (three records).

THE SUREST WAY to annoy the usually imperturbable Duke is to speculate about his retirement. When I made that mistake a year ago, he showed anxiety for the first time in the twenty years I've known him. "What would I do if I retired?" he asked. "Look, I've been very lucky. All this talk about how tough it's been to be both popular and to keep my own thing going overlooks the alternative I might have had. I've known guys, skilled as you can get, and with imagination too, who spent their whole creative lives in a conservatory or some other kind of hothouse. They hardly got to hear anything they wrote. Most of them died with their works in a closet, never really knowing if what they'd done had been worth anything. No, I like it out here. I'm going to keep on giving all kinds of audiences full weight, and that way, I give myself the fullest weight I can."

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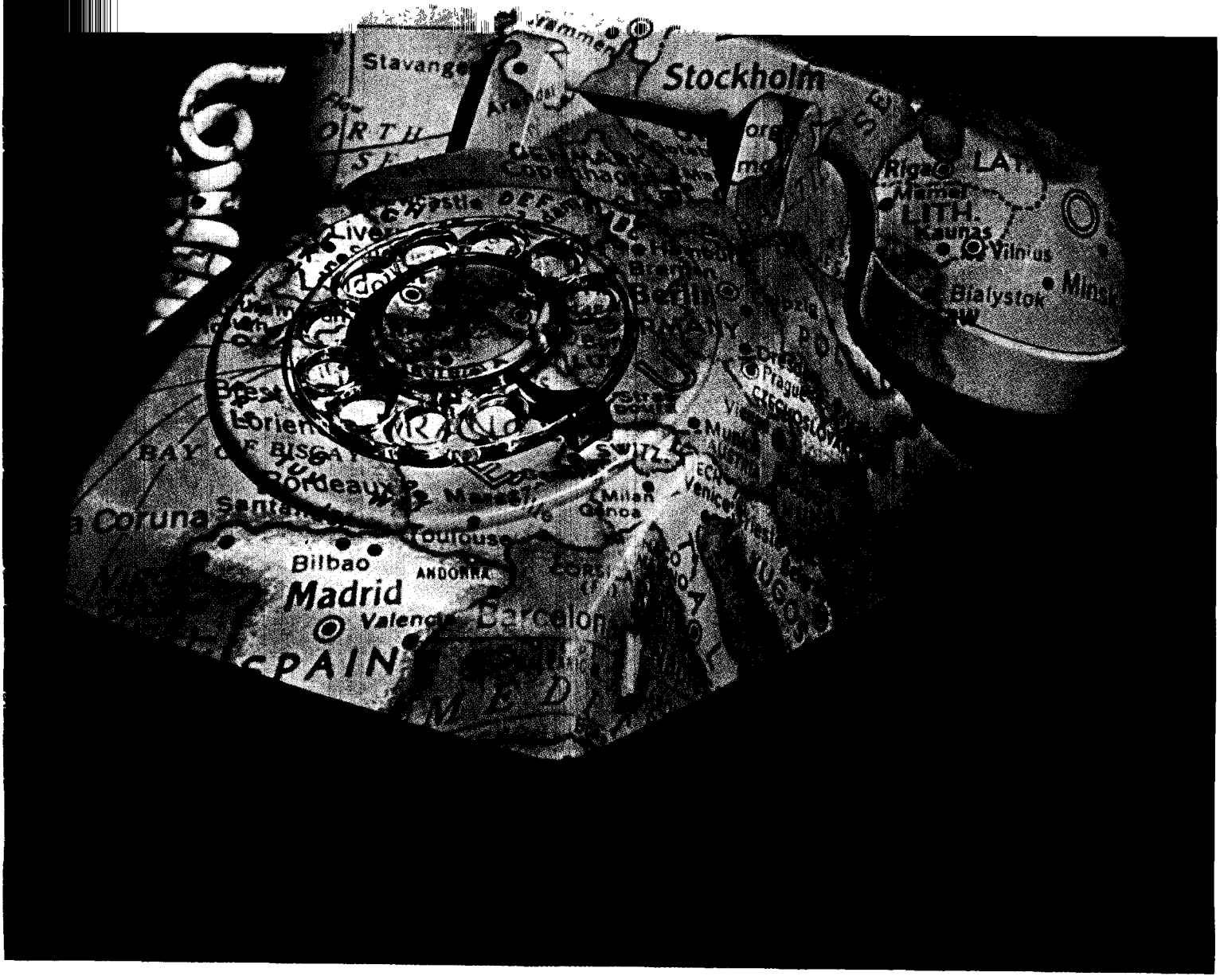

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